

The ~~ee~~ Beacon



June 1923

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Dedication

In thoughtful remembrance and admiration
of her excellent qualities and ideal life, we
dedicate this volume of *The Beacon* to Miss
Marie S. Howison, whom we all love and
respect, and who has always been an inspira-
tion to our efforts, a joy in our successes,
and a comfort in our failures.





FREDERIC M. ALEXANDER

Principal

PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

"What the best and wisest parent wants for his own child, that must the community want for all of its children. Any other ideal for our schools is narrow and unlovely; acted upon, it destroys our democracy."

This doctrine with its implications has furnished the drive for the expansion of universal public education in America. You are a product of the endeavor of our community to practice this principle. You are the measure by which the citizens of your community will test the validity of this belief. You can render no higher service than to achieve personal success, and to grasp every opportunity to propagate and to spread the doctrine of public education in all its force and vigor. My parting message to you is to play the game of life just as you have lived it in our democratic high school. Carry your own weight so efficiently that you will have time to render constantly large service to your community. Utilize every lesson that you have learned so that you may be sure that every problem you meet brings forth the best that is in you.

It is fine to win and to exult in clean victory but do not win at any cost. "For when the one great Scorer comes to write against your name, He writes not that you won or lost, but how you played the game."



Principal.

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ELEANOR HOLT CROSSLEY	Treasurer

Motto: "Vincit qui patetur"

(He conquers who endures)

Class Flower: Sweet Peas.

Class Colors: Orange and Black.

CLASS ROLL

ALBERTINE ARCHIBALD	MARY LEE JOHNSON
DOROTHY ESTELLE ARRINGTON	HAZEL IRENE KESNER
FLORENCE ADELE ASKEW	ETHEL KATHLEENE KESSLER
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LOIS ALBRIGHT BLALOCK	ELSIE LEE MASSEY
ELIZABETH BROCK BLOXOM	FRANCES SPEYER MEYERS
LUCY CHRISTIAN BOWMAN	ESSIE BETHUNE MITCHELL
ALMER LEE BRADFORD	ALLEN WESLEY MOGER
ALMA WEST BRANCH	JOHN CORNELIUS MONOGHAN
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GENEVIEVE BELL CLIFFORD	RUSSELL JAMES PAPE
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MARY PAULINE COLLINS	DOUGLAS COOPER PETTY
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CATHERINE ANOLIA HENKEL	MARY RUTH WILLIAMS
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FRANK PEARL HOPKINS	IDA THELMA WOODCOCK
ESTHER BURT JACOBS	

- THE BEACON -



CLARA APETOWSKY

"If oo luv me tay to."

Annual Play, '23.

It didn't take Clara long to become acquainted with the members of the June '23 class—especially the boys. Clara's big brown eyes and flashing smile has won a large circle of admirers for her. She can recite and act, too, and many an encore has called her back on the literary society programs. Here is luck to you, Clara, may the trail of broken hearts that follow your dimples never grow less!

FLORENCE ADELE ASKEW

"Her music steals away the sighs and shadows from our hearts."

Every one likes to hear Florence sing. She often appears on the program of a club or Literary Society. Florence is also a very good student. She likes to sew and is one of Mrs. Webb's best pupils in the sewing class. The best of success to you, Florence, for we know that you will attain it.

- THE BEACON -



ALBERTINE ARCHIBALD

"She is wise and talks much."

Home Room Representative, '20, '21.

Treasurer Spanish Club, '22, '23.

If you want to see a girl full of pep and good nature, look at Albertine but don't look too long, because a certain one might get jealous for she is one of Cupid's victims. But there, Albertine, don't let us kid you, because you know we think you are one of the best and most reliable of all our class-mates. Au revoir, Albertine.

DOROTHY ESTELLE ARRINGTON

"Silence is golden."

Estelle never has much to say but we know she's there. She is a quiet senior, yet a good one. A wonderful combination!

She is what you would call an important vertebrae in the backbone of the class. We suspect that this quiet and dependable girl will make some lucky man an excellent wife.

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WILLIAM R. AYLETT BALLARD "Peanuts," "Bill"

"A grin is his, from ear to ear,
You can't mistake when he is near."

Editor-in-Chief **Beacon** Annual, '23.

Editor-in-Chief **Beacon**, '22, '23.

Beacon Delegate to V. I. P. C., '22.

Vice-Pres. Eureka Literary Society, '23.

Vice-President Spanish Club, '23.

Annual Play, '21, '22.

Student Council, '21, '22.

Home Room Representative, '20.

Representative Declaimer Eureka Literary Society, '21.

Latin Play, '20.

Class Treasurer, '20.

Class Play, '23.

Here's our boy with the Million-dollar grin. If you should happen to see that grin just once you would never have any trouble in recognizing "Peanuts" the next time you see him. He is just bubbling over with fun and good nature, and though the matter of work sometimes lies heavily on his mind, he is never too busy to stop and lend a hand (especially if you happen to be a good looking girl). "Peanuts" has been Editor-in-Chief of **The Beacon** for a year and he has done his work well, and when it comes to drawing cartoons he is a shining light. We have all learned to like "Peanuts" during his four year stay in high school and we are going to be very sorry to part with him, but we are sure that he will be the same good fellow where ever he goes.

ELIZABETH BROCK BLOXOM

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

If you happen to hear any one laughing in room 5 you will know that Elizabeth has started something. Elizabeth is very witty and her funny remarks are a constant amusement to the class. Every one likes her and we know that she is very good on Latin. We will miss you when you are gone because you have gained a place in our hearts.

- THE BEACON -



LOIS ALBRIGHT BLALOCK
"Lois"

"Would that my stead had the speed
of thy tongue and of such
continuance."

Lois is one of our hardest workers. No matter when you see her she is always studying, that is, except when she is "expressing her opinion." You can always tell when the Hilton school truck arrives by the clattering of her tongue. Lois will make a success in life, however, for she always keeps at it until she gets what she goes after.

LUCY CHRISTIAN BOWMAN
"Doo-ay"

"Oh, call it by some better name,
For friendship sounds too cold."

Lucy is a friend and a good one to all of us. She has been with us the whole four years and we couldn't have a better booster. There are few honor rolls that do not have her name on them. She is a regular stenographic shark, too, and we predict a brilliant career for her.

- THE BEACON -



ALMER LEE BRADFORD

"Be sure you are right, then go ahead and do it."

Home Room President, '22.

Every class has its Arrow Collar Man and Lee is ours. He always wears a white stiff collar and looks neat and trim. He has one weakness and that is the fair sex. Lee is a regular lady's man. You should see him at some of our dances. Nevertheless, he is a good student and does his work well.

ALMA WEST BRANCH

"Let the world slide, let the world go,
A fig for care and a fig for woe."

Assistant Secretary Philolethian
Literary Society, '22.

Home Room Representative, '20, '22.
Class President, '18, '19.
Class Play, '23.

This quotation suits Alma and yet it doesn't. Alma is the most popular girl in our class and she's always there when a good time is in progress. On the other hand, if you ever need somebody to help you write a book report or help you out of a scrape, Alma is there to lend a hand, and have you ever heard her sing? We never did either until we began rehearsing the Senior Operetta and now we're wondering why the Literary Societies didn't discover her four years ago. Here's wishing her a "Topping" success.

- THE BEACON -



RICHARD AUBREY BRUSHWOOD

"O, ye love-sick one!"

We have Aubrey in our class physically, but we have to say that his heart is not there. It is with a recent graduate of our old high. He is a member of our band of merry makers and is always ready for a dance or picnic. In saying farewell we hope that Aubrey gets his long lost heart.

MARY BLAND BRYANT "Freckles"

"Her worth being mounted on the wind."

Secretary Spanish Club, '22.
Home Room Representative, '21.
Dance? Mary hasn't taken the foolish notion of Marathon dancing but she surely can tap a lively toe at the sound of music. Her gracefulness adds much to her charm. She is ever blithe and gay wherever and whenever you find her.

- THE BEACON -



• PHILIP HARWOOD BURCHER “Phil”

“May he love to learn as he has learned to love.”

President Senior Class, '22, '23.
Class President, '20, '21.
Class Vice-President, '22.
Student Council, '20, '21, '22.
Class Presentation, '23.
Class Play, '23.

Mr. President! Who is it that will not remember “Phil” as class president? He has piloted the class over the bumps that the best of classes have and has brought it safely to its destination. We know that he can always be depended on—for better or for worse. No other person could have taken his place in our riotous—yes—riotous class. If you doubt our word, just ask Eileen.

ROBERT AVRIL CALLIS “Narrow”

“There’s music in the air, when
“Narrow” is night.”

Sec. Mathematical Club, '22, '23.

If you want to hear some good music just listen to our old classmate “Narrow.” If any one can play a piano it is Callis. When his music touches the air the students begin to shake their feet. It is natural and can not be helped.

“Narrow” not only plays a piano but is a good student besides. He gets along in his studies and is always ready for a good time. He is bubbling over with good nature and as we part with him we bid him a happy “adeiu.”

- THE BEACON -



JOSEPH VINCENT CARDILLO

"A man with a heart that is loyal
and true,

Is the man to be a friend for you."

Joe's equal willingness for work or play has endeared him to all of us. Joe is a good sport and we are certainly glad to have his name on our class roll. He is good on Math and intends to enter the engineering field and we are sure that he will make as great a success in that as he has made in our old "High." Best of luck, Joe.

HELEN CLARK

"On with the dance! Let joy be
unconfined."

Helen is one of our terpsichorean artists, and we mean to say she certainly can dance. She is popular, too, not only with girls, but the boys like Helen, too. Like her? Well, of course it's none of our business, but Hampton isn't so far away. Never mind, though, Helen is a loyal student of our old high, and when we play our ancient rivals she covers her Hampton belt and turns her Hampton ring around. Good girl, Helen, go to it! May your conquests always succeed.

- THE BEACON -



RUTH MAY CLARK

"Who talks a lot, but always gets there."

Annual Play, '23.

No one has ever been in Ruth's company more than ten minutes without hearing a merry little giggle, and then Ruth is off again. She certainly has a happy disposition and she always "comes up smiling." Ruth is another of our loyal supporters whose fancy inclines toward Crabtown. A good many of our girls seem taken that way. We wonder why? But, anyhow, if Ruth likes Hampton we're satisfied for we love her just the same.

GENEVIEVE BELL CLIFFORD "Gene"

"O, come follow my eyes."

President Mathematical Club, '22.
Class Treasurer, '22.

Ah, here she comes! The most vivacious member of this gay old class. Her big eyes, which are always wide open whether with surprise, excitement or innocence, have wrought havoc with many a hard-boiled heart. No matter what the occasion may be Gene's presence is never long hidden. That thrilling voice will give her away any old time. In the two short years she's been here she has managed to win the hearts of all of us and we hate to lose her.

- THE BEACON -



HANNAH PEARL COHEN
"Hank"

"A player who ranks with
Paderewski."

There was a young lady named
Hannah
Who could evermore play the piano,
She held them in a trance,
When she started to dance,
This fair young maiden named
Hannah.

MARY PAULINE COLLINS
"Little One"

"A bright pretty lass
That brings the pep into our class."

Pauline's dark, wavy hair and her brown eyes caused us to elect her to the honor of being the most attractive girl in our class. She is always ready to go to a dance or a party, but we are afraid she is not so ready to study. So long, Pauline, but not farewell as it will be impossible for us to forget you

- THE BEACON -



SHIRLEY BERNARD CONNELL

"Who can describe her?"

Home Room Representative, '20, '21.
Student Council, '21, '22.
Adv. Manager Beacon, '22, '23.

Of all the girls we love the best, Shirley comes nearest to our hearts. Her funny little grimaces and her droll remarks are always a source of amusement to all of us. But she's a hard worker, all right, as anybody can testify who has seen her poring over the bills for *The Beacon*. And when it comes to skipping class—well—there Shirley is in a class by herself, unless, of course, she is accompanied by Virginia or Bert, as she usually is.

WILLIAM LATIMER COOKE

"Billy"

"He is only fantastical that is not in fashion."

Gaze upon Billy—every body knows him and laughs with him, and his knickers! Billy was the first boy to startle the school with knickers and sporty wool hose. That's Billy, first and always the eccentric.

- THE BEACON -



ANNA G. COPPELL

"But silence is the charm that guards
such treasures."

Anna is a half-way mixture of quietness and fun. Anytime during the day that you happen to pass them, you can hear her and Esther talking their heads off. She usually "gets there" in class, though; and that is what counts.

ROBERT WESLEY CORSTAPHNEY, JR. "Rob"

"Take all the world, but leave me
Richmond."

President Latin Club, '22, '23.
Pres. Philolethian Literary Soc. '23.
Class President, '20, '21.
Home Room Representative, '22.

Rob is an all-round good student and has made a fine president of our Latin Club. And Latin, why, he reads Vergil like it was a longed-for letter from Richmond! Richmond? That's just the place where many of Rob's thoughts dwell. We know Rob has a fine time when he goes to a Hi-Y conference there, but probably we would get jealous if we knew all the facts. We feel assured that Rob is the type of a boy who will reach the highest round of the ladder. The school will miss you, Rob. May your success continue.

- THE BEACON -



ROBERT C. COSBY "Kosbie"

"He draws and draws from morn till night."

We hardly see Robert now-a-days since the mechanical drawing class has been organized, because he spends most of his time across the street studying the art of drawing. Robert is a shark in this study and has done excellent work under Mr. Weiss. Here's three cheers for our friend and class-mate Robert.

ELEANOR HOLT CROSSLEY "Tootsie"

"Gay pleasure alone shall reign."
Class Treasurer, '20, '23.

Annual Play, '23.

Tootsie, with her golden "permanent" and her cheerful disposition is with us for fun and business. For both she applies her energies; always ready for a dance—and can't she fling a relentless toe? Always proposing picnics! Tootsie can work, too. Just ask the seniors who parted them from class dues every week. It was a hard job, but Tootsie did it.

- THE BEACON -



HARRY LEE H. CRUM, JR.

"If you wish to learn, you must study."

Home Room Representative, '21.

Harry is our silent wonder. You hardly ever see him talking. His motto is "Silence is golden," and in his estimation it is the truth.

Harry has won the title of being the most studious boy in the class and it is a fine title to hold. You can't fool him because he knows what he's talking about. Don't you, Harry?

HARRIET KRAUSE CUTLER

"A virtuous woman is God's handiwork."

Annual Play, '23.

Class Treasurer, '19.

One of the greatest virtues is dependability and Harriet has it. If she promises to do it, it will be done regardless of circumstances. During her high school career Harriet has taken an active part in the Girl Reserves, having been with that organization since its origin in our school. She has a smile for everyone and a frown for none.

- THE BEACON -



LEONARD CLARENCE DICKINSON “Duck”

Football, '20, '21, '22.
Basketball, '21, '22, '23.
Captain Basketball, '23.
Baseball, '21, '22, '23.
Track, '22.

“Duck!” What can we say about him? Everybody knows all about him. That's just the trouble with these popular athletes. If we try to tell the rest of the school how earnest and dependable he is, how he “bucks the line” and “swats the old pill,” they just grunt and say, “Aw! we know that already.”

But that's alright, we like “Duck” and we think he's a fine boy and we know somebody else who thinks so, too.

ANNIE HELENA ECKERT

“Her voice is ever soft,
An excellent thing in a woman.”

Annie is quiet, and when she does speak that soft, low voice doesn't carry very far. She certainly has a sweet voice, and a little baby lisp. She is a fine English student, too. Her notebook is the envy of all less persevering seniors. Keep it up, Annie, your perseverance will carry you far along the paths of success and happiness.

- THE BEACON -



ROBERT WILLIS EDWARDS "Sugar"

"Oh, be wiser, thou!
Instructed that true knowledge leads
to love."

Vice-President Senior Class, '23.
President Spanish Club, '22, '23.
Annual Play, '21, '22, '23.
Interscholastic Debate, '23.
Representative Debater Eureka Literary
Society, '23.
Latin Play, '21.
Home Room Representative, '20.
Class Secretary, '20.
Vice-President, '21.
Class Prophet.
Class Plays, '23.

Ah, here's another one of cupid's latest victims. And a very recent one, too. In fact, since "Seventeen" was produced. We must not kid Robert because he is a fine boy. He's the wittiest in our class, and his funny remarks are always upsetting the class in the midst of recitations. Robert is a born speaker and can he debate! Why, he would make the senators and representatives of our country turn green with envy if they once heard him. This is a broad statement but if you could us ask our friend Jane,

ADELAIDE VIRGINIA EMORY

"A lovely being scarcely formed or
molded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves
yet folded."

Adelaide, our queen — and she's some queen! She comes to us from Fort Eustis, and though she hasn't been here long, it didn't take her long to get possession of our hearts and minds. Her big brown eyes and black curls have set many a masculine heart beating faster than usual. We love Adelaide and we're sorry to lose her, we don't find beauties in every school and we're proud she belongs to us.

- THE BEACON -



FLORENCE EDNA FITCHETT "Flo"

"The siren waits thee, singing
song for song."

Home Room Representative, '20.
Class Play, '21

Florence is our gay little nightingale, her lilting laugh and cheerful voice are the joys of our days. And if Florence didn't sing for us in Literary Society at least once a month, we feel as though we were being neglected. She dances beautifully and her giggle is always in evidence—especially in study hall. Here's luck to you, Florence, may your smile be as happy, your voice as sweet, fifty years from now.

GLADYS ELIZABETH FORD

"And the little Ford just rambled
right along."

Basketball, '22, '23.
Student Council, '21, '23.
Home Room Representative, '20,
'21, '23.

Orchestra, '19, '20, '21, '22, '23.
Vice-President Class, '19.
Treasurer Eureka Lit. Society, '23.

"Henry" as she is called by her class-mates, is the only Ford in our class and let me tell you she is an easy-running one at that. She is just full of fun and gets fine marks in her studies. Her good nature has helped her to get the best sport in the class. Tell her a joke and watch her laugh. "Henry" is always ready for a good time, rain or shine. We hate to see her leave school because when she departs from her school-mates she intends to reside in Cincinnati, Ohio.



- THE BEACON -



IVA IRVING FOSTER "Iva"

"And still they gazed and still their wonder grew,
How one small head could carry all she knew."

Home Room Representative, '23.

Iva is one of our quiet ones, but behind that silence there sure is a great deal of thinking ability that brings the long line of "A's" on her report card. She is one of the best students of the '23 class.

ELLEN PIERCE FOX

"Over the tree tops I float thee a song."

Orchestra, '19, '20, '21.
Basketball, '23.

Ellen is one of our best students. She is reliable at all times, a faithful worker and a good all around student. She was on our basketball team this year and she sure added a great deal of pep and vim. It is a pity Ellen can't be an athlete, but we fear if she gets to be private secretary of the president (at which she is aiming) that there will be no time for play.

Ellen also has a great talent for making notes from her violin sound like heaven. She played in our orchestra three years and we sure have enjoyed those sweet melodies.

- THE BEACON -



PAUL ALVIN FRIEDBERG

"The best goods come in the smallest packages."

Paul is our "Little Lord Fauntleroy." He is small and handsome and full of life. He has laughter in his eyes and jokes up his sleeves and does not fail to let you know it. Paul gets along fine in his studies and is an all around good student. He has been with us four years and we will miss his smiling face when he is gone.

WILLIAM MARK GARES

"Bill"

"To be popular is indeed fine."

President Eureka Literary Society, '23.
Vice-Pres. Eureka Literary Society, '22.
President Athletic Association, '21.
Manager Football, '22.

Asst. Business Manager **Beacon**, '22, '23.
Asst. Business Manager **Beacon Annual**, '23.

Manager Orchestra, '23.
Vice-President Student Council, '23.
Declaimers Medal, '23.
Football, '21.
Track, '22.
Cheer Leader, '22.
Reader to Hampton, '23.

We think Bill will make a good physician as he is very much interested in a doctor's daughter. We have proof, but we are not giving away points. On the other hand, Bill is our most popular boy. He has participated in every school activity and has made many friends since he has been here. We wish Bill a success in whatever he takes up, even if he is a physician.

- THE BEACON -



WILLIE ALBERTA GARY
"Bert"

"For a good time she is always ready."

Circulation Manager Beacon, '22, '23.
Asistant Secretary Eureka Literary Society, '23.

Program Committee Eureka Literary Society, '22.

Class Secretary, '20.
Annual Play, '21.

"Bert" is one of the nicest girls we know. She is ready to do anything, she never takes a dare. She is a graceful aesthetic dancer, and charms everybody with her winsome ways. She is a hard worker, too, and when ever *The Beacon* comes out "Bert" has her hands full as circulation manager. We know Bert will be a success at whatever she undertakes.

GLADYS DRYSDALE GILLET
"Razor"

"Cupid, have mercy."

Secretary Eureka Lit. Society, '23.
Cheer Leader, '22, '23.

Basketball, '22, '23.

Exchange Editor Beacon, '22, '23.

Captain Safety Patrol, '23.

Class Treasurer '21, '22.

Class Secretary, '20, '21.

To have taken part in nearly every school activity is an envious position to hold and this belongs to Gladys. The Safety Patrol, which depended upon Gladys and a few others to start, is working properly. Nothing but favorable things can be said about her, even though she was elected class flirt, we all agree she is not half so bad as one might think. We hope she will recover the lost heart that has been missing for the past two years.

- THE BEACON -



MARGARET LAVINIA GREAVES "Marg"

"As merry as the day is long."

Vice-President Home Economics Club, '23.

Annual Play, '21, '22.

Anyone who knows Margaret knows that she does like to argue, and argue she will, especially in English class. Margaret is one of the popular girls of our class, especially with the stronger sex. There seems to be a loadstone which draws her thoughts and letters to F. U. M. A., but we must not suspicion Margaret's inner emotions. She likes to have her good time and doesn't fail to have it wherever she is. We will miss Marg very much, but we know she will make a success whatever she does. Here's wishing her the best of luck and happiness.

DOROTHY LOUISE GWALTNEY "Dot"

Salutatorian, '23.

Secretary and Treasurer Latin Club, '22, '23.

Critic Philolethian Lit. Society, '23.
Class Treasurer. '22.

Dorothy is one of those super people who are graduating in three and a half years. She is a good student because she carried away second honors. She's also a master of Latin and has performed the duties of secretary of the Latin Club with ease. Dorothy goes to all the games and is a great asset to the school. Good luck to you, Dot.

- THE BEACON -



ALPHA JEWEL HALL

"O, thou art fair than the evening air
Clad in the beauties of a thousand
stars."

Pres. Home Economics Club, '23.

She is certainly a jewel, this Jewel of ours. She is more like the Greek goddess, Juno, in the stately, sedate manner in which she carries herself. Her graceful walk is a joy forever. She is quiet, oh so quiet, but when she opens wide those beautiful blue eyes—ah! Jewel has it all over most of us poor mortals, but we can't all be Junos.

GRACE MAY HARPER "Bill"

"A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law."

Grace always has a smile for every one, especially the boys. And if any one happens to want the mirror she has to be removed forcibly. That does not make any difference, though, for Grace sure knows how to get what she wants and that means success in life.

- THE BEACON -



VERNA ELIZABETH HAUGHTON

"Her dark eyes do enchant us."

Verna hails from Morrison and is one of our chatterbox students. She is forever chattering or giggling. Verna must be starting out to be a milliner for she comes to school every other day with a new hat on and when questioned, owns up to the fact that it is the work of her own hands. Verna is very popular with the students and every one wishes her the best of success.

CATHERINE ANOLIA HENKEL

"Oh, eyes! Oh, eyes of blue!"

Who won't remember Catherine's eyes of blue? She has been called "my blue-eyed darling." She's the sort of a girl that makes a good senior and we know she'll make a good citizen, too. Catherine has one peculiarity—she likes especially to ride in green automobiles—just ask her!

- THE BEACON -



FRANCIS CHARLES HOOPER
"Hoop"

"Sinewy muscles and a strong heart."

Football, '22.

This is one of the boys who went out and worked hard for a place on the football eleven and who got it with a boost. Francis was a real star in the battle with Blackstone and has won for himself a well deserved place in the annals of his Alma Mater. We always see him with a broad smile and willing hand. Best of luck to you, Francis.

FRANK PEARL HOPKINS
"Hop"

"Give us the young man who has brains enough to make a fool of himself."

Baseball, '22, '23.

Manager Basketball, '21, '22.

Assistant Manager Football, '21.

Here's Frank, an all around good sport and baseball player. He also has taken a part in basketball and in football as manager and assistant manager of these two phase of athletics. He is rather unobtrusive in his way in most things but he has perfect mania for army trucks—and their occupants. We feel that Frank will make a good soldier because he loves so to visit Camp Eustis. Here's hoping that you will become a general, some day.

- THE BEACON -



ESTHER BURT JACOBS

"Laugh and the world laughs with
you,
Study and you study alone."

Class Play, '23.

Esther is another chatterbox, wherever and whenever she is seen her mouth is working rapidly, but it isn't always talk, sometimes it's chewing gum. But Esther is a good student, and such a Spanish shark. She can chatter away in Spanish as fast as Senorita herself. We like Esther, we like her bright smile and pleasant ways. Good Luck to you, Esther.

MARY LEE JOHNSON

"Wisdom is above rubies."

Mary is another one of those superior persons who is managing to shake the dust of this old high school in less than the accustomed four years. Not content with that she needs must outshine the others when she comes to Spanish class. Mary says little, but when it comes to pulling down high marks and fastening them securely to her own report—well then Mary's a wizard.

- THE BEACON -



HAZEL IRENE KESNER
"Hikky"

"Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme."

Athletic Manager, Room 6.

Hazel is our speed artist on the typewriter, having won her medal from the Underwood Company for fifty words a minute. This is a result of the type teacher's continual cry of, "girls, keep your rhythm."

Hazel is bound to make her mark as a stenographer unless she decides to become a historian, as Hazel's fondness (?) for history is well known.

ETHEL KATHLEEN KESSLER

"With merry eyes and jocund smiles."

Home Room Representative, '21,'22.

Kathleen is as full of fun as she can be and is always getting rid of some foolishness. This, however, does not seem to interfere with her studies as she has a large collection of A's.

- THE BEACON -



NAN SCHMELZ KURTZ

"Thou art to me a delicious torment"

Secretary Literary Society, '20.
Home Room Representative, '20, '21.
Class Will, '23.

Nan, without her smile, is just as easily pictured as a Hawaiian scene is without a beach of palm trees (by the way, she is very breezy). She has an adorably sarcastic way that makes every one like her and enjoy her company. Carefree, jolly and witty are Nan's prominent characteristics.

DOROTHY BUSHE MANEY

"Speech is silver, silence is golden."

Dorothy is another one of our silent wonders. She is very quiet and hardly ever talks, but when she says anything it is worth while. She puts most of her time on her studys and lets the rest of the world go by. Such girls as Dorothy make our class a good one and we will miss her when she leaves.

- THE BEACON -



ELSIE LEE MASSEY

"I walk down the valley of silence."

Elsie's pet aversion is reading poetry aloud in English class. Oh, how she loves to get before the class and do anything. She is very modest and retiring, which is very refreshing in these days. Elsie is very quiet but when she does say something folks are rather apt to listen as it is usually sensible.

FRANCES SPEYER MEYERS

"Chatter chatter all day long."

Representative Reciter Philolethian Literary Society, '21, '22.

Frances is what most of us are not—she is good natured. And oh, how she can talk! She certainly has the "gift o' gab," but she usually has something worth saying, and when she gets started, she means to finish. We like Frances and her friendly smile and her capacity for saying an infinite amount of nothing. Frances is a good sport, all right.

- THE BEACON -



ESSIE BETHUNE MITCHELL

"The superfluous, a very necessary thing."

Orchestra, '19, '20, '21, '22.

Essie is a violinist, student, and a Senior! And a good one at that—she's good at all three and none are easy to be good at either. She's a good booster and everybody likes her. And can't she shoot a funny line? She's got more jokes up her sleeve than the sky has stars. We know Essie will make a success of whatever she tries in life.

ALLEN WESLEY MOGER

"Always striving to better his best."

Valedictorian.

Pres. Eureka Lit. Society, '22, '23.

Business Mgr. Beacon Annual, '23.

Eureka Debating Team, '23.

Rep. Declaimer Eureka Lit. Soc., '22.

Class Creed

Vice-President Latin Club, '22.

Home Room President, '22, '23.

Annual Play, '23.

Critic Eureka Literary Society, '23.

Allen is a leader, a born leader. He is a scholar, an orator and a good sport. To prove that he is a good scholar look at the above list of offices. He is our valedictorian. As an orator, Allen has gained a place among his school-mates. With all this, he has his good time and is one of our merry-makers. But lo! something has happened in the past months. Allen has turned his attention to a fair young damsel. It is indeed good that he started late or he would not stand at the head of his class. What do you say, Allen?

- THE BEACON -



JOHN CORNELIUS MONAGHAN "Monnie"

"Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag and smile smile, smile."

John comes to us from Barton Academy, Mobile, Alabama. Although he has been with us only a year he has gained many friends, especially among the fair sex because he has a car. John is very quiet in class but when he gets among the boys he is all together different. We like John because he wears a smile and as we bid him "good-bye" may he continue to wear that smile.

ELIZABETH JANE MOORE

"Your presence a blessing, your friendship a truth."

Elizabeth is one of the hardest little workers in our class. She works quietly but her work always shows results. When Elizabeth says she will do a thing you can always depend on it. She never fails. She is also a very good student and many A's and B's are recorded to her credit. The class is assured that Elizabeth will make a mark for herself and wishes her the best of success and happiness.

- THE BEACON -



VIVIAN HENRY MOORE

"He laughs when he has nothing to laugh at."

Latin Play, '21.

Listen! What's that? Don't be alarmed, that is Vivian and his merry chuckle. He always finds something to laugh at in his weary moments. He has proven to us that he is a poet by his many poems. Vivian has his fun in class and out and is always ready to go on hay rides.

CHARLES EDWARDS MORRIS

"He speaks not! but by his pen he soars into the heavens."

He is a man of quiet nature with a literary career to look forward to. Although Charles has not been in our school long enough to make a record of school activities he has been with us long enough to prove his excellent ability (if not genius) in authorship. Many of his stories have appeared in *The Beacon* and are a credit to the school.

- THE BEACON -



HAZEL AUGUSTA McALWEE

"Never do tomorrow what you can do today."

We are strongly tempted to write "still waters run deep" under Hazel's name, but couldn't get up the courage. It is appropriate all right, but not exactly original.

Hazel's motto is "If a Senior; be a good one," and she lives up to it. We hate to lose you, Hazel, but good luck!

EILEENE ALICE McDANIEL

"But there's nothing half so sweet in life as young love's dream."

There was a little girl named Eileene,
Who was nothing else but a queen,
She was love-lorn bent,
With our class president,
This little girl named Eileene.

- THE BEACON -



MARGARET ELIZABETH
McMULLEN
"Mac"

"Good and good sense must ever
join."

Chairman Program Committee Eureka Literary Society, '23.

School Pianist, First Assembly, '23.

Her hair is dark, her cheeks are red,
A world of knowledge lies in her
head,
Her laugh—nay, her giggles—is
care-free and light;
Just tell her a joke—and watch he
bite!

Here's to the school pianist and official punch maker for the class! Good luck, Margaret.

SAMUEL EDWARD NICHOLSON
"Eddie," "Nick"

"He who laughs most, gets the most practice."

Joke Editor **Beacon**, '23.

Scrap Bag, '23.

Home Room Representative, '21, '22, '23.

Eureka Debating Team, '23.

Annual Play, '21, '23.

"Our Little Eddie" may be the smallest member of the class but we can testify that he surely is big enough to be noticed, and in more ways than one. In spite of the fact that his excellent sense of humor made him the joke editor of **The Beacon**, "Nick" has a very serious side. He is good at all of his lessons, but at "trig" he's a shark, while his name is often seen on the honor roll. "Eddie" has helped us to see the bright side of our school life and we are certain that if he enters the world with his same outlook on life, at least one of the class will be a success.

- THE BEACON -



RUSSELL JAMES PAPE

"Man does not delight him;
No, nor woman either."

Russell is our huntsman for when the hunting season is on he has his dog and is ready to look for game. He is quite a sedate boy and is good to get along with. Russell went out for baseball and showed his school spirit by sticking when he failed to make the first team. Now we must say good-bye. May we meet again and be the same old friends as we are now.

MABEL CLAIRE PARKER

"And the hush of my heart is as bold,
As hovers where angels have flown."

Mabel goes through life in such a quiet gentle way that every one is surprised at the amount of work she can do. Believe me, she can do it. When anything is left in Mabel's hands you can pretty well vouch for the fact that it will be done right and on time if not a little before time. I suppose that is the main reason why we all shove off so much of our work on those little shoulders.

- THE BEACON -



VIRGINIA MAY ROSENBERGER "Jane"

"How easily is one cajoled by these little devils of angels."

Basketball, '20, '21, '22, '23.
Volleyball Manager, '22, '23.
Basketball Manager, '22, '23.
Secretary Eureka Lit. Society, '22.
Secretary Athletic Ass'n, '22, '23.
Secretary Student Council, '23.
Annual Play, '23.

Virginia is an athlete, actor and literary light all rolled into one, and take our word for it, when she begins to toss the old basketball around the court the other schools sure take notice! No one knew that she could act until "Seventeen" was put on, and then the whole town fell for her (one especially). Virginia has been a popular student and class-mate throughout her four years in high school and she leaves a place that could only be filled by herself—the laughing, joking and cheerful Jane.

MAE LITTLE SAWYER

"A friend in need, is a friend indeed."

Here is Margaret Wilkie's pal. No matter when or where you see Mae you see Margaret. They go together, study together and laugh together. Mae is the kind of girl we all love. She is always ready and willing to have a good time. We have been indeed fortunate to have a girl like Mae in our class and we hate to lose her.

- THE BEACON -



ANNETTE HILDEGARDE SIBLEY

"She hath 'Atlanta's better part'."

Basketball, '21, '22, '23.

Where athletics are, there Annette will be also. She has taken active part in basketball and has her letter, having played in all parts of the team. Annette is a good all-round girl, and has a very pleasing personality. Success will always follow her good nature.

WILLIS ANDREW SHELL, JR. "Brick"

"Tis pleasant sure to see one's name
in print."

Cheer Leader, '22, '23.

Beacon Delegate V. I. P. C., '22, '23.

Debators' Medal, '22.

Public Speaker's Medal, '23.

Program Committee, '21, '22.

State Public Speaking, '23.

Orchestra, '21, '22, '23.

Willis is our red-headed orator, and can he orate? Talk! He can talk more and say less than anybody in the class, which, as any member of the faculty will testify, is saying a great deal. Willis is very versatile—especially so, when it comes to getting out of class and out of lessons. But he's a good scout just the same and he has achieved a fine record as hard worker and all-round boy.

- THE BEACON -



DOUGLAS COOPER PETTY “Doug”

“Be silent, or let thy words be worth more than silence.”

Football, '21, '22.

Basketball, '21, '22, '23.

Baseball, '23.

Home Room Representative, '21.

President Eureka Lit. Society, '22.

Business Manager Beacon, '22, '23.

President Student Council, '23.

Doug is one of the most popular boys of the bunch. An athlete? Why he is the star of the school. Doug has participated in all phases of athletics, and has made the first team in all. He is also very popular in other student activities, as his record well shows. In fact, he had so many duties that it was hard for him to attend to them all. Here's hoping that Douglas will some day in the near future find a place on the All American Eleven.

FRANCES ELIZABETH POWELL

“And her silver voice is the rich music of a summer bird.”

Frances is well known in the school for her singing and every one sits back with delighted attention when her name appears on the Literary Society program.

- THE BEACON -



IRENE MARGARET PRIDDY "Dimples"

"The bright side is always the best side."

Sec. Kodak and Camera Club, '22.
Vice-President Class, '22.

Irene is our sunshine girl and it is very unusual when her smile is missing from her cheerful countenance, but there is one thing we can tell and that is when she happens to be cross. That is so seldom that we hardly think it worth mention. Irene has been "our" stenographer on The Beacon for a year and she always been so willing and ready to help that it is hard to find words to express our gratitude. She has been a true friend and pal to every one of us and though the happy days we have spent here are gone forever, the memory of her smile will linger in our hearts and serve to brighten our path in the life that is now opening before us.

JOHN EDWARD RANSOME

"The boy with the grave mathematical look."

It seems like John's motto is "to be seen and not heard," because he never says a word in class only when he is called upon. He is the kind of boy the teachers like because he never gives them any trouble. John wears a smile and is always ready to do his part. We hate to lose you, John, for there will be one to take your place.

- THE BEACON -



FRITZ ELIZABETH SLAUGHTER "Fritz"

"The C's may come and the C's may go, but I talk on forever."

Fritz talks all the time, as every one very well knows, but still she is very popular with the students, who like her chattering.

MARY JEANNETTE STREET

"Put off thy maiden blushes."

Home Room Representative, '22, '23.
Class Secretary, '23.

Class Treasurer, '20, '21, '22, '23.

Do you remember the day that Mary stood before the English class and read something about chemists, and do you remember how she blushed? Of course, every body knew why. She is a corking good stenographer and for a few months was kept pretty busy during "B" period. Mary is a good dancer, too, and loves a good time. We wish her success in everything she does.

- THE BEACON -



SAMUEL SWARTZ
"Sam"

"A growing knowledge of material things."

Sam is a new member of our class, having been with us only a year. He is a very hard worker and a good student. Sam is very quiet but he likes to play ball and made a good and useful member of the high school team. May the best of luck be ever with him.

AURELIA LEAHY TAYLOR

"A stich in time saves nine."

We have almost made up our mind that Aurelia is going to be a dressmaker, for every time you see her she is running around with a sewing basket or threading a needle. She can read Spanish like a Senorita and does she get good marks? We'll say she does.

- THE BEACON -



AVERIL McNABB TAYLOR

"A sunny disposition is half the battle."

Secretary Senior Class, '22, '23.
Home Room Representative, '21, '22.
Class Treasurer, '22, '23.

Vice-President French Club, '23.

Her jolly smile and friendly greeting make Averil a welcome personage in any gathering. She always has something funny to say, even at her own expense, and she's the best sport going. Her capacity for hard work is enormous, we lazy ones don't see how she does it and as secretary of the class she certainly has her hands full. Her round, plump, smiling face will be missed sorely when "our sunshine" graduates.

MARION ALICE THOMPSON

"Are you talking about me?"

Marion seems to have a terrible objection to a private conversation among certain of her friends as she always greets you with a giggle and asks that eternal question, "Are you talking about me?" That's all right, Marion, for if they were talking about you it would have to be something good for you are one of our favorite and most dependable classmates.

- THE BEACON -



RICHARD GIDEON TODD

"Nobody loves a fat man."

Assistant Manager Football, '22.
Manager Volleyball, '22, '23.

This saying is wrong. We must admit that Gideon is fat, but he is liked by everybody in school. His cheerfulness and fine school spirit has caused him to have multitudes of friends. Gideon believes in athletics. No matter who we play or where we play he is there pulling and rooting for the Old Gold and Dark Blue and we will miss him when he leaves.

JOHN HAROLD TODD

"Pick your goal and then go to it."

John has set his ambition high. He is intending to enter Princeton College. He is studying to be a physician and if he continues as he has started he will make a success. John is a quiet boy and does not say much. He is very jolly and, like the rest of us, always ready for a good time. "Au Revoir" John.

- THE BEACON -



LEE BARNHARDT TODD

"Baby Todd"

"Hitch your wagon to a star."

Football, '20, '21, '22.

Basketball, '20, '21, '22, '23.

Captain Football, '22.

Captain Basketball, '22, '23.

Manager Basketball, '21.

Manager Baseball, '21, '22, '23.

Track, '22, '23.

Vice-President Student Council, '21.

Vice-Pres. Eureka Literary Society, '22.

Chief Safety Patrol, '23.

Vice-President Class, '19.

Lee has become very popular through his splendid showing in athletics. He is a star in every phase of school activity. Every one knows him, every one likes him and his cheerful smile. His good nature and good sportsmanship will long be remembered by his companions. Lee has one weakness, and that is toward the weaker sex. He is very much interested in the city of Lynchburg. "Farewell, Lee!" We hope you will make a success in your future as you have in the past in athletics.

ELIZABETH KYLE TURNER

"A good heart is better than all the heads in the world."

Basketball, '21, '22, '23.

Captain Basketball, '22, '23.

Captain Safety Patrol, '23.

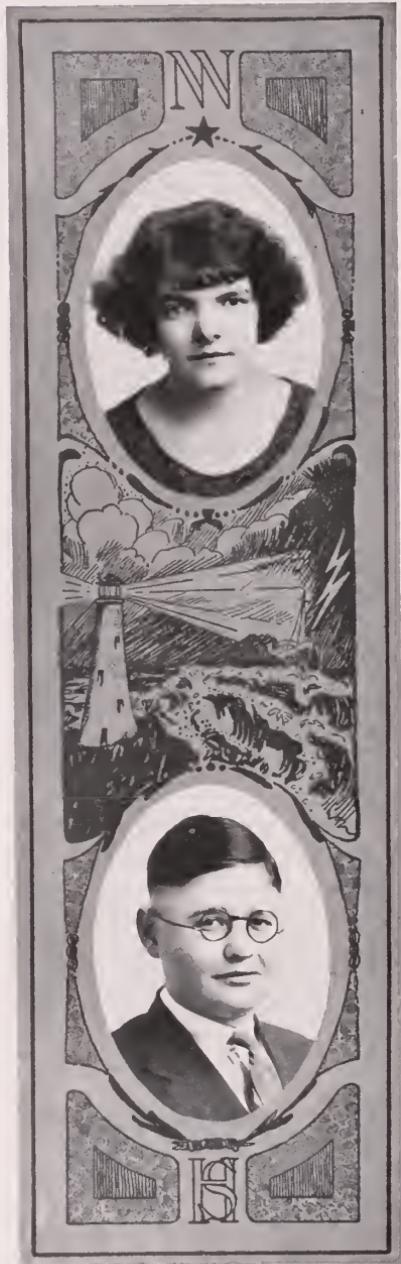
Student Council, '21.

Home Room Representative, '22.

Class Room Treasurer, '21.

Here's our most all-round girl, Elizabeth the athlete, artist, and good sport. In athletics she has led her team-mates to many a victory and has played a steady game at forward. As an artist Elizabeth holds high rank among her companions. Her drawings are envious to those who are not able to surpass them. Besides all this, Elizabeth is a good sport. No matter what it is, a picnic or hike, Elizabeth is ready to go and have her good time. And as we say "good-bye" there is a remembrance in our heart for a departed friend and class-mate.

- THE BEACON -



NORMA DICKINSON WARE

"Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,

Onward through life she goes."

Norma is another of our quiet ones. She never has much to say, and, unlike the most of our class, really is a "dignified senior." But Emerson says, "a lady is serene" so I guess that is a pretty good recommendation.

ISADORE WERBLOW

"A heart that in his labor sings."

Isadore is our master mind. He has more in his head than one would think. He is also a reader of books. He reads them from morn 'till night. Isadore is a math and Latin shark. In math he does all the problems and in Latin all the translating. He is a good student and we hate to say "farewell."

- THE BEACON -



EDWARD STANLEY WHEELER

"Handsome is as handsome does."

Home Room President, '19.

Home Room Vice-President, 22.

Class Play, '23.

Ah, Eddie, our Adonis! He's the most handsome boys in our class and after looking over our chorus of beauties every one must admit that that's "going some." Everybody likes Eddie, he's such a good sport and his beauty doesn't make him at all vain. He pitches good baseball and he studies hard, too. In fact, he is a paragon of perfection. Good boy, Eddie; good luck!

MARY EVELYN WHEELER

"Come and trip as you go."

Sad to say Evelyn is a terrible flirt. Somehow, when she sees a boy, she just can't resist the temptation to measure lenses. What difference does it make though, she always gets there just the same and it will be good practice when she goes to vamp a wealthy employer, for Evelyn is a A No. 1 stenographer and will soon be carrying on somebody's private correspondence.

- THE BEACON -



MARY ALICE WEST

"Kind hearts are more than coronets."

Mary is one of the quiet but attractive girls of our class. Wherever you meet her she has her bright smile and kind word. She never forges herself ahead but she gets there just the same. We shall all remember the pleasant associations with her in room 6. Best of success to you, Mary.

MARGARET ENGLISH WILKIE

"It is not unusual to be fair,
But to be beautiful is indeed rare."
Annual Play, '21, '22, '23.

Margaret's beauty and her personality have caused her to have plenty of crushes but none of the very serious variety. When she goes to a dance do the boys fight to dance with her? We'll say they do. Margaret is the class giggler. One can hear her merry chuckles all through the day. She seems to have a mania for being late and cutting classes. We are awful sorry to lose you, Margaret, and may the bluebird of happiness always be with you.

- THE BEACON -



CORNELIUS LEROY WILLIAMS

"Talents differ, all is well and wisely put."

Home Room Representative,
'21, '22.

Here is another one of those three and a half year students. LeRoy has worked hard and gained six months on old Father Time. He has proved himself a good student in every way imaginable and has made good marks. Now we must congratulate LeRoy for his hard work. Here's luck to you wherever you may go.

MARY RUTH WILLIAMS

"Dodge, brother! Dodge!"

Ruth is about the most accommodating person in the class, if it is humanly possible for her to do something for anyone she'll do it. Ruth is generous to a fault with her car and many a mile does she travel in behalf of somebody, here at school. She certainly can manage that bus of hers, too. She works hard for that journalism class, too. Any body as friendly as Ruth is bound to succeed.

- THE BEACON -



CHARLES TERRANT WOOD "Terry"

"Ay! Every inch a king."
Football, '21, '22.
Basketball, '21, '22, '23.
Track, '21, '22, '23.
Captain Safety Patrol, '23.
Representative Declaimer Eureka
Literary Society, '21.
Annual Play, '21, '22.
Class Play,
Song Leader First Assembly, '23.
Terry is "Old Faithful" himself;
and oh, such a songster! In fact, Terry
is one of the most earnest and de-
pendable boys we know. He puts
himself, heart and soul, into his work
whatever it may be. When Terry
sings the only thing to do is to close
your eyes and you would think he was
Caruso. His athletic ability has made
him known all over the school. It is
indeed a credit to have such a fellow
as Terry.

IDA THELMA WOODCOCK

"Beware! Beware!
Trust her not
She is fooling thee!"
Secretary Latin Club, '22.
Treasurer Biology Club, '22, '23.
Third Honor Student.
Thelma presents such a demure and
dignified appearance that you think
she is quiet as a mouse, but when you
get to know her you will find that she
is as jolly as she can be and a good
companion.



- THE BEACON -



WILLIAM CATESBY ROGERS “Oh, Willie”

“Young men think old men are fools;
but old men know young men
are fools.”

Annual Play, '23.

Here's to the hero of "Seventeen." If Catesby had been made to order he could not have been better in his part as Willie Baxter. Besides being an actor he is a model student. His ideas are sometimes radical but he gets the good marks just the same. Catesby is one of those three and a half year students and we predict a good future for him with endless happiness.



Class Poem

There is only one road to the town of "Success"

The name of the road is "Work."

It has room for only honest guests,

Traffic is blocked to those who shirk.

The road is open all hours of the day,

It heeds neither time nor date,

And now is the time to start on your way,

For tomorrow will be too late.

Nearly all of the way is an uphill road

It will seem like a tough old fight.

But once on your way, just bear up your load,

And keep going with all your might.

You will pass through many towns each day

Such as: Failure, Gloom, and Despair;

At each of these stations just keep on your way

For "Work" does not tarry there.

After you have entered the town of "Success,"

Though your load may have been hard to bear,

Once inside, you will find both comfort and rest

Just be thankful you started for there.

VIVIAN HENRY MOORE,
Class Poet.



As one of the greatest dreams and ambitions of our lives is about to be realized, and as the time arrives when we shall depart from our Old High, the place wherein we have played together, worked together, and where we have shared together the joys and sorrows of life for the last four years, we are beginning to realize the paramount value of our connection with our Alma Mater. We are beginning to give actual thought and consideration to those principles and ideals by which we have unconsciously steered our ships on the sea of development. We desire to carry those ideals, each of which has done its part in preparing us for the responsible citizenship of the world, into our future lives.

We believe in our ever thoughtful, considerate, kind, and faithful friend, Miss Howison, to whom we, with love and devotion, dedicate our Beacon Annual.

We pay our highest respects to our principal and friend, Mr. Fred M. Alexander. May he continue to lead the Old High through thick and thin to the highest realms of success.

We believe in our faithful teachers who have inculcated into us the true ideals of life and the principles of American citizenship.

We hold in esteem our true and devoted friend and sponsor, Miss Willie Rowe.

In the student activities of our school, **The Beacon**, orchestra, literary societies, Safety Patrol, Dramatic Club, and athletics, we have a great faith, for we believe that by them many of the principles of democracy are instilled into the student.

We believe in our whole student body and its undying spirit which is not surpassed by any other school.

We have great confidence in our school board which we believe to be composed of men of wide vision, and of men who realize the true value of education and who have the interest of the rising generation first in their hearts.

We are optimistic about our town and community, Newport News. We believe that her great possibilities for further advancement and prosperity will, in the near future, make her one of the largest cities in the Old Dominion.

Our commonwealth, Virginia, we believe to be the greatest and best place on earth for man's habitation. May we ever uphold the noble traditions of our forefathers and ever be proud to be the son of Virginia.

We believe in the United States of America as the noblest, greatest, and best democracy under God. May we ever respect and defend the Stars and Stripes and ever be worthy of the true name, American.

Above all, we believe in the God of purity and love as our protector and the director of our destines. ALLEN WESLEY MOGER, June '23.



Class Will

Ladies and Gentlemen: as executrix of the estate of the June Class of 1923, I have solemnly summoned you on this grave occasion to hear her last will and testament.

We, the Class of June, '23, have tried to be fair and just in our decisions. We hope that it will not appear unjust or harsh to the lucky receivers of these non-material gifts, and also that the gifts will be accepted in the genial manner in which they are bequeathed.

To our principal, Fred M. Alexander, who has successfully piloted us through the four years which have rapidly drawn to a close, we leave best wishes in the years to come and our most profound appreciation for his helping and guiding hand through all of our struggles and pastimes, hardships and pleasures.

Without Miss Howison's cheery and sunny disposition and her ability to pull us out of the depths when we are sinking, we leave a wish that she may always spread sunshine and joy with whomever she may come in contact, or wherever she may go.

To *The Beacon* we leave the wish that it may always keep up its standard.

The class bequeaths the following qualities of its members to students remaining:

To Hoggie Malcolm we leave William Ballard's million-dollar grin.

To anyone fortunate enough to secure it, we leave Hannah Cohen's stylishness.

To Richard Newman, 4-A president, we leave Philip Burcher's efficiency as our 4-B president.

To Louis Aronow we will Lee Bradford's curly locks.

To Winifred Leyland we will Robert Callis' ability to imitate Paderewski.

To William Talley we will Billy Cooke's faculty for getting A's.

To Robert Hopkins we leave the studious nature of Harry Crum.

To anyone applying immediately we leave Robert Cosby's talent for drawing.

To Max Dolan we leave Leonard Dickinson's affection for a certain damsel.

To anyone who feels they need a good disposition, we leave Joe Cardillo's.

To Cosby Moore we leave Allen Moger's ability to obtain that which he strives for.

To Annie Tabb we leave Edward Nicholson's joking nature.

To William Williamson we leave Louis Biggins' funny little laugh and originality.

To Pat West we leave the raven locks of Willis Shell.

To William Miller we leave Terry Wood's affection for the fair sex.

To anyone wise enough to learn the art, we leave Margaret Wilkies' talent for painting.

To Mary Byrd Buxton we leave Albertine Archibald's affection for titles especially that of "Earl."

To Doris Meyer we leave the quiet voice of Mary Alice West.



To Dorothy Callis, Florence Askew leaves her extra weight.

To anyone wanting a position as stenographer Mary Street leaves hers.

To Elizabeth Copeland and Lois Maupin we leave the affection for one another of Estelle Arrington and Hazel McAlwee.

To anyone liking pitchers we leave Ruth Clark's admiration for a certain pitcher whose team was defeated by ours May 4, 1923.

To Peggy Cox we leave the pleasant manner of Marion Thompson.

To Kitty McQuire we leave Dorothy Gwaltney's love for a lot of work.

To anyone needing this quality we leave Elizabeth Moore's ability for making friends.

To Lena Slaughter we leave Ruth Williams' extra inches.

To Margaret Chapin we leave Frances Meyers' talkativeness.

To Mike Brynes we leave Jewell Hall's retiring manner.

To anyone fortunate to secure them we will Irene Priddy's dimples and winning ways.

To Doris Crump we leave Elsie Massey's easy-going manner.

To anyone who is so unfortunate as to have to purchase their coloring at the drug store, we leave Margaret McMullen's rosy cheeks.

To Sam Gordon we will Russel Pape's quiet voice and retiring manner.

To Ann Chapin, who has an affection for "Pork Chops," we leave Margaret Greaves' affection for "Beef."

To anyone fortunate enough to secure it, we leave Harriet Cutlers dependability.

To Virginia Parker we leave May Sawyer's fondness for Hampton.

To Eleanor Branch and Margaret Jinks we leave Anna Coppel's and Ester Jacobs' affection for one another.

To Ester Brooks we leave Alma Branch's fondness for Blacksburg.

To all haters of the fair sex we bequeath a smile of Eleanor Crossley's.

To anyone Robert Corstaphney leaves his Latin marks.

Gladys Gillet leaves her merry Ha-Ha to Marion West.

To Herbert Ludlow we leave Paul Friedburg's blushes.

To anyone liking the fair sex we leave Eddie Wheeler's many love affairs.

To Georgia Britt we leave Virginia Rosenberger's fondnss for "sugar."

To the one applying first we leave the smile and winning ways of William Gares.

To Marie Brown we will Catesby Rogers' sarcasm.

To anyone liking blondes we leave Robert Edward's admiration for a certain blonde damsels.

To anyone liking Lynchburg we leave Lee Todd's and Douglas Petty's fondness for it.

To Margaruite Phillips we leave Mary Johnson's knowledge of Spanish.

To Glenna Crawford we leave Grace Harper's school love.

To Margaret Bryant we will the meekness of Catherine Henkel.

To anyone, we will Annie Eckerts' fondness for the name Earnest.

To Millard Hopkins we leave Frank Hopkins' love for riding in army trucks.

To Payne Flynn and Elizabeth Garrow we will the stenographic ability of Hazel Kesner and Lucy Bowman.



To Audrey Midgett we will the extra inches of Mable Parker.

To Lloyd Dickerson we will John Monaghan's place in the mechanical drawing room.

To anyone who likes to write love notes in Spanish we leave them to John Todd's talent in that line.

To Mary Crizer we leave Elizabeth Bloxom's love for Smithfield.

To anyone we leave Ellen Fox's position in the supply room.

To Lucille Smither we leave Florence Fitchett's admiration for "cute" people.

To Mabel Handy, Juanita Lloyd, and Constance Adams we leave Averil Taylor's, Norma Ware's, and Lois Blaclocks' place in the Hilton bus.

To Florence Moss the childishness of Shirley Connell.

To Laura Rhodes we will Thelma Woodcock's studiousness.

To Mr. Weiss' victims we leave Elizabeth Turners' talent for drawing.

To Grizelda Jones we will Eileene McDaniels' love for chewing gum.

To anyone wanting the position as ticket collector at the games we leave Gideon Todd's place.

To Beattie Butler we leave Bert Gary's love for Richmond College.

To Lorah Brewer we bequeath the literary ability of Charles Morris.

To anyone we leave Viven Moore's odd laugh.

To George Paterson we leave Gladys Ford's fondness for "Speed."

Leroy Williams leaves his curly locks to Allen Watts.

To Charles Berkley and Deronda Jones we leave Mary Bryant's talent for dancing.

To John Summers we leave Pauline Collin's affection.

To anyone needing one, we leave Francis Hooper's good disposition.

To Mildred Baylor we leave Annette Sibley's athletic skill.

To anyone wanting a pair of dreamy eyes we leave Dorothy Maney's.

To James Clark we leave Iva Foster's love for studying.

To Frances Smith we leave Isadore Werblow's talent for Latin.

To anyone we leave Regina Lowenstein's love for social problems.

To Emily Emory we leave Adelaide Emory's straight yellow hair.

To Nell Meddely we leave the quiet manner of Kathleen Kessler.

To anyone we leave Aurelia Taylor's ability to conduct herself in a lady-like manner always.

To Jerome Brittingham we leave the bashfulness of John Ransome.

To Hugh Watson we leave the musical talent of Essie Mitchell.

To anyone liking Petersburg we leave Aubrey Brushwood's fondness for that city.

To Rose Bandas we leave Evelyn Wheeler's extra weight.

To Lillian Graff we leave Clara Apetowsky's affection for one of Hampton's debators.

To Eulah Massey we leave Helen Clarke's love for dancing.

To anyone that wants a good alto voice we leave Frances Powell's.

To Frank Jordon we leave the punctuality of Sam Swartz.

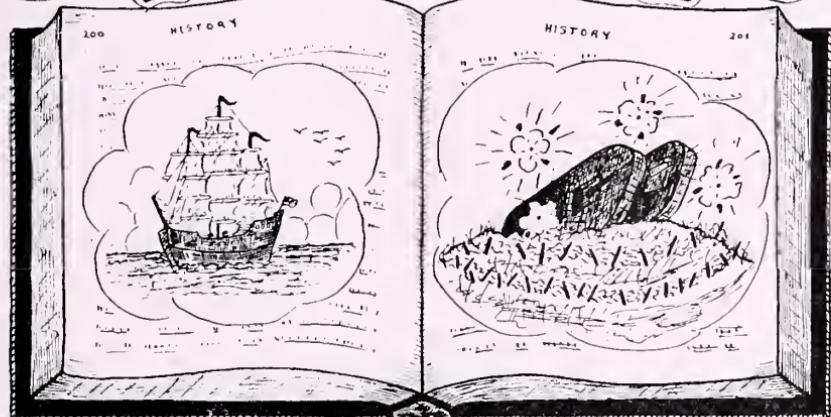
To anyone who needs it, we leave Fritz Slaughter's stenographic ability.

To Margaret Cornbrooks we will Genevieve Clifford's come hither eyes.

—NAN KURTZ, Executrix.



Class History.



A long time ago, in the dim ages of the past, in fact, exactly 427 years after the discovery of America by Columbus, another great event happened in the United States. Our wonderful class of June '23 entered the Newport News High School. That class was made up of 134 of us, shaking, shivering students, who were wildly looking around for a place in which we could escape the amused glances and comments of the older students. Much to our relief, however, we were called to the auditorium and, after a speech by Mr. Alexander in which he welcomed us to the school and gave us most excellent advice, we chose our courses and planned our four years of study. There were two courses offered; the Academic and Business. Our class was divided up into three divisions and we all settled down to work.

Of course, our comfort was greatly diminished during that session by the constant cry of "rats," which dogged our footsteps, but we stuck our fingers in our ears and "stuck to our guns," with the result that in February we became "graduated rats" and began to worry that greener bunch which entered the school in February. By this time, also, we had become imbued with that mystic substance known as "pep" and were very proud of the fact.

While 1-B's our three rooms put ourselves on the map by adopting an Armenian orphan. Each room contributing \$20 to the total of \$60.

The following September we all came back full of pep and vim and so full were we, as well as the rest of the school that the year 1920 saw our football team champions of the state. Also, during this year, we adopted the Student Council form of government. This body is formed by the students and is



composed of a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, ten members of the council and two representatives from each room.

The following September we came back to school much pleased with our own importance. We had reached the height of juniors. We thought we were so important that the school could not exist without us. How small we really were except in the eyes of the freshies, of course. During this term we put up our big fight for a new high school, ending with a big parade. The culmination of the whole affair is that magnificent new building, of which we are so proud and which next year's pupils will enter so triumphantly.

Then in September, '22, we entered the Old High as seniors. This year we were planning our rings, having important business meetings and also helping lead the lower grades of the school in the right way. Then in February we became really and truly the seniors.

This session saw the introduction of the Safety Patrol as an aid to the Student Council. Only the Patrol takes charge of a different phase of activity. It regulates the changing of classes so that a pupil may go down the corridor without having to take out an accident policy. This is the biggest thing it undertakes. For when 1000 students have two minutes to get to 30 different classes, it greatly facilitates matters to have certain steps and corridors to use.

This is our last year at the Old High. Probably we are the last class to graduate from this building, as the February '24 class will probably go out from the new building. There have been a great many changes in the school since we came. When we first entered, there were 500 enrolled in the school. Now there are more than 1000. In our first year everyone had Assemblies together. Later it was divided into two and now into three divisions in order to get into the auditorium.

Our class has lost old members and added new ones until our present number stands at 98 seniors, who are expecting to leave in June. This is the largest class to graduate here.

We have contributed much in the athletics, furnishing both members of the teams and the loyal support, the "third line of defense," which has helped to make our great victories possible.

The Literary Societies have grown and have put forth good candidates for every form of literary work and have won a number of inter-scholastic medals. The Eureka Society, to which the June '23 class belongs, has walked off with the cup every one of the four years we have been in high school and this has been due, in a large part, to our class talent.

The Beacon has become one of the most popular of school publications in these years. In this time it has changed from a magazine to an eight-sheet paper and is issued semi-monthly instead of monthly as in previous years.

In our four years sojourn here very few of these things could have been accomplished if it had not been for the whole-hearted co-operation of Mr. Fred M. Alexander, our principal, and his assistant, Miss Mamie S. Howison. Also we are greatly indebted to our teachers who have, by their wise councils and gentle leadership, helped prepare us for this time when we are about to leave our school days behind us and reach forth after the greater victories of life.

AVERIL M. TAYLOR, Class Historian.



Ladies and Gentlemen, you are assembled here tonight to witness the last appearance of the class of June, 1923. On the 26th of November, 1922, in the assembly hall of the Walter Reed High School, this class assembled and made preparations for tonight. During the course of the meeting it fell my lot to prophecy the future of these fair ladies and young gentlemen. As I am not gifted with this power, for many days I sought inspiration that I might accumulate this second sight, and so through the advice of a friend, I spent my Christmas Holidays in San Francisco, California.

On a stormy night, a few days after I had arrived, I left my hotel and set out on my haphazard journey. I caught a car for Chinatown and after riding forty-five minutes arrived. The rain was coming down in torrents and the thunder and lightning were terrifying. I could scarcely see my way as I walked through the narrow, half-lighted streets. At last I paused at the door of a small shanty that seemed to be deserted. I slowly pushed the door open and went in. The room was dark and only when it lightened could I see its contents, which consisted of a few pieces of dilapidated furniture. But then there came a clash of thunder followed by a flash of lightning that illuminated the room as if it were day. At the uttermost corner I saw a



small door; I made my way to it. Slowly turning the knob I pushed it open. Before me, just as my friend had described, lay a room dimly lighted. Around the walls were berths, one upon the other. In the middle of the floor was a small table on which sat a lamp turned half down. On a box near the table sat an old Chinaman, half asleep. As I stepped in the old man opened his eyes, slowly arose, and came to me. In a few minutes I lay in one of those berths, smoking a pipe of opium, and subjecting my mind to its influence.

At first I was perfectly calm, but slowly I felt a drowsy enchanting feeling subduing my mind and all seemed to blur before my eyes—but the veily mist seemed to rise and then I saw myself slowly trudging down an old country road. My clothes were ragged and my face gave the appearance that barber shops had not been invented. All told, I seemed to be what I was—a traveling tramp. The sun was hot and the affects of a day's travel plainly manifesting themselves.

At last I came to a small shanty on the side of the road and approaching it saw that it was a blacksmith's shop. The blacksmith was bent over, steadily engaged in shoeing a mule, and when I entered he raised his head and who could it be but **Francis Hooper**. He did not recognize me so I did not tell him who I was but only asked him the way to the nearest town. He told me to follow the road until I came to a store, then take the road to my right which led to Punge, North Carolina. Thanking him for the information I resumed my journey.

I walked for what seemed to be ten miles before I came to a store. Looking on a window I plainly read:

P. H. Burcher
General Merchandise

Immediately I remembered that these were the initials of the president of the class of June, 1923, and I rushed in to greet him, but he was not in. An old man sitting on a box in the store was the only occupant. He wore overalls, which were too small for him, and under his arm was a basket of eggs. As I approached him I saw it was Mike Brynes. He recognized me immediately. He told me that he and **Harry Crum** were running a farm for **Grace Harper**, a widow. I then asked him about Phil and he told me, to my utter surprise, that he was in the state hospital suffering from temporary insanity caused by the recent marriage of **Eileene McDaniel** to **Douglas Petty**. After chattering for quite a while I decided to resume my journey so that I could arrive in town before dark.

At dusk I arrived in the suburb of a small town. The first sight to greet my eyes was a red-headed man strenuously re-tireing his Dodge car. I made my way to him and offered my assistance, and who could be the man to accept them but **Willis Shell**. After fixing the tire he invited me to go home with him which I gladly accepted. He then opened the door of a large sedan and introduced me to his wife, **Ruth Williams**. In a few minutes we were parked in front of a large house and as we stepped on the sidewalk I saw, running gaily around the house toward the gate, a small red top fence.

After supper we sat down to have a good old friendly chat. Willis informed me that he was superintendent of the Bull Department of the Bull



Durham Tobacco Company. I then realized that he had well prepared for his job in high school. He also told me that until his marriage, Bert Gary had been his secretary.

The next morning I arose early and after thanking my friends for their kind hospitality, I left.

It was at lunch time, while I was in the restaurant of Sam Swartz getting a drink of water, that I learned that Isadore Werblow's freak show was in town. As this show was world famous and owned by a former class-mate of mine I decided to go.

At 7:30 I crawled under the tent just in time to hear the main bill announced: "Ladies and Gentlemen," cried the official, "tonight the women's world champion boxing bout will be decided between Skinney Askew, heavyweight champion 1935, and Averil Taylor, fly-weight champion 1937." After the referee sounded the last whistle I realized that I had witnessed the most interesting fights I had ever seen. After five minutes deliberation on the part of the judges, Kathleen Kessner and Elsie Massey, a draw decision was rendered.

Suddenly my attention was drawn to a donkey coming down the main aisle of the tent hitched to a baby carriage driven by a funny-faced clown, "Babe" Biggins. This caused me to laugh so much that I broke my frail suspenders, which put me in a position that Lee Bradford, a detective, deemed sufficient to keep me out of the tent.

Just as I was thrust on the outside there seemed to be an earthquake; people came running, shouting, screaming and crying from the main tent. Firemen and policeman rushed through the crowd, pushing them from the scene. Time after time a pistol rang out only to fade into screams. Once I was nearly run down by a small, black-haired lady carrying her child to safety. When I recovered my balance I recognized her to be Pauline Collins, while the child reminded me of a Summer's son—because of its bright face.

As I could not get near the scene I decided to find a place of lodging. I did not look long before I came to a hard-looking joint and went in. Before I could look around a deep, feminine voice called out, "Whatcha want?" Turning I saw Annette Sibley smoking a cigarette at a small desk. I purchased the cheapest bunk and retired.

The next morning I was awakened by a newsboy hollering, "Read all about the stampede at the circus." I jumped out of bed and rushed to the window. Down below stood Russel Pape with an arm full of papers. I threw him the necessary amount and in a few minutes Norma Ware, the maid, delivered the goods.

As I opened it I read in big black headline, "One killed, many injured at circus last night. Due to the carelessness of Captain Leroy Williams of the elephant trainers and, Paul Friedburg, the warden. Zoo Zoo, the educated monkey, gave Jumbo tobacco, causing him to break his chain and run wild up and down the big tent.

In the excitement Harriet Cutler, the tight-rope walker, lost her balance and fell in the band pit twenty feet below, seriously injuring Gideon Todd, the famous band leader.

Although the origin of the fire cannot be definitely stated, it is thought



that **Billy Cooke**'s peanut roaster upset and exploded. Mr. Cooke could not be gotten in touch with this morning, therefore this is uncertain.

At the local police headquarters last night **Chief Robert Cosby** reported that during the fire a robber had attacked **Anna Coppel**, the ticket seller. He was a middle-aged man, who gave his name as **Vivian Moore**.

Mr. John Monaghan, district manager of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, stated that the damages were practically covered by insurance.

After reading the paper, I hurriedly dressed and headed for the railroad yard. Day by day in every way my pocketbook was getting smaller and smaller, therefore, the only possible means of getting away from town was to hop a freight.

Just as I arrived at the yard a large engine coupled a long line of freights. Hurriedly I made my way from one car to the other until I found one which I thought unoccupied. It was a cattle car partly partitioned. I barely got in before the motion of the cars almost sent me on my face.

After a sigh of relief I set down in the corner and began reading a "Whiz Bang," which I had picked up. For many minutes I read with keen interest until suddenly I heard voices in the partition. My heart sprang to my throat as many suspicions passed through my mind. Even these were broken when a small door in the partition was opened and two women stepped in, **Mary Bryant** and **Florence Fitchett**. When they saw me they nearly collapsed. In a few minutes we recovered and I made known my position and they theirs. They told me they were canvassing the country in behalf of the Anti-Dance Bill that was now before Congress. They informed me that they had met with splendid success until they had visited the city they were leaving behind. The reason they were traveling thus was because the night before, while they were speaking in a public square, a mob of citizens under the leadership of **Iva Foster** and **Thelma Woodcock** even threatened to tar and feather them if they did not leave town in the morning. This agitation I learned was due to a recent editorial in the daily paper by **Nan Kurtz**, the editor, highly condemning the bill and its supporters.

During the journey we discussed many things, among them the recent marriage of **Margaret Wilkie** to Duke Whypenstin of Bulgaria, and the phenomenal rise of **May Sawyer** from a ten-cent store clerk to a model for the country's greatest artist, **Elizabeth Turner**. The last topic we discussed was the great success of Harvard's football team, due to the splendid training of Coaches **William Ballard** and **John Ransome**.

Wishing my friends the best of luck I hopped off at the suburb of a large city. The first sight to draw my attention was two men, one I recognized to be **Catesby Rogers**, and the other, a small, black-headed man with a "heavy set" moustache, hurriedly making their way to an outgoing train. In the rush the small man dropped a card which I later picked up and read, "Dr. **Samuel Edward Picholson**, practical demonstrator of his sure-grow tonic, take Nicholson's tonic and avoid the disadvantages of low-cut people."

Later in the day, while walking down the street, I met a prominent attorney, **Charles Morris**, who told me that his partner, **Allen Mojer**, had been called to the county court house by **Judge John Todd** of the divorce court, in behalf of his defendant, **Gladys Ford**, who, without obtaining a divorce from



her lawful husband, Douglas Pitt, had joined in matrimonial relations with Frank Hopkins, a famous racer.

So for days and days I managed to make my way from town to town, encountering many hardships and learning of many people.

One night I stayed at the institution for the betterment of old maids and bachelors. In the old men's ward I knew two inmates, one a grey-headed old man who had been too fickle in his younger days to find his right wife; this old gentleman was Edward Wheeler and the other was William Gares, whose heart had been too hard even to have been penetrated by the wooing of the fairer sex. In the women's ward I met many friends, among them Alma Branch, supervisor; Estelle Arrington, Evelyn Wheeler and Dorothy Maney, inmates. Terry Wood, a widely known humanitarian, was the founder of this noble institution.

In another place I met Shirley Connell, Clara Apetowsky and Ruth Clark, famous barberesses for Joe Cardillo, the owner and founder of this latest fad, which had caused shaves to retreat from sight.

In the same place I encountered Robert Corstaphney, an undertaker, and his lady partner, Gladys Gillet. From all the information I could gather, the greatest undertaking was the selection of a church in which to get married, as Gladys was an Episcopalian and Robert a Methodist. I also learned that the source of their trade was from Lenard Dickinson, a dentist, and Robert Callis, a surgeon, and Frances Meyers, a chiropodist.

I saw on a bulletin board, posted in the Salvation Army headquarters, that Albertine Archibald and Aurelia Taylor were doing splendid extension work in Ping Pong.

Once I happened to pass through a seaport resort where Hazel McAlwee and Ellen Fox were doing exhibition diving, also Virginia Rosenberger was running a joint that you pull a string in order to win. My, but didn't Virginia prepare well in high school for her occupation? I'll say she did! But who is that grey-haired old lady with all the children tagging on to her skirt, I said to myself in astonishment, only to be more surprised by hearing a little boy say, "They call her Aunt Mary Street, she is the play-ground matron."

Of all of these strange instances I have thus far mentioned, I met even a stranger one in Savannah, Georgia. Three o'clock one morning I was awakened by the blowing of sirens and the illumination of the alley in which I was sleeping. Two blocks away a building was blazing with flames. Hurriedly I rushed to the scene, even before the fire chief arrived. It was the hair dressing parlor of Margaret McMullen and Jewell Hall that threatened the entire business section. It was but a matter of a few seconds that the entire fire-fighting apparatus was in operation. I was never more surprised in my life to see the entire company composed of women with Margaret Greaves acting chief, and among the fire women were Marion Thompson, Lucy Bowman and Genevieve Clifford. After the fire the chief told me that this method was a great success and that losses had decreased 50 per cent. since this new instalment. This was due to the fact that every man in town was a voluntary fireman and reported to the fire to see the women carry the hose up the ladder.

At last I became desperate, stranded without money, home or friends.



I joined an organized band of crooks under the leadership of **Lee Todd**. This organization was world-known for its terrorizing acts.

Then came the horrible night while my fellow crooks and I were in the home of **Hannah Cohen**, the millionaire pawnbroker's wife, that I determined my miserable future. Through the betrayal of some false member, the entire plot was laid before the police. As we were about to complete our task we were surprised by a complete squadron of police. The other members of the gang, by resorting to guns, managed to escape, but by some ill fate of fortune I tripped over a chair and was captured. In the battle a policeman was mortally wounded; as I carried a gun I was charged with the murder of that innocent soul.

For three days I paced up and down my little cell waiting for my trial. At last that day came, when led by the jailer, I entered that hall of justice and took my seat. In the audience I saw such prominent figures as **Elizabeth Moore** and **Essie Mitchell**, widely known socialist. As I looked into the face of **Dorothy Gwaltney**, the judge, I saw no mercy, only a strict interpretation of the law. To further deepen my fate **Ester Jacobs** and **Regina Lowenstein** identified me as the one who, a week previous, had broken into their meat market. With the evidence of robbery, murder and housebreaking on which to base their decision, the jury rendered a verdict of "guilty," immediately followed by the judge summoning me to be hung at the state penitentiary.

The following week, under the guardianship of **Aubrey Brushwood**, the patrol chauffeur, I was taken to the state penitentiary to await my execution.

Immediately news spread over the country concerning my crime. As I sat in my cell half crazed, half stunned; I began to read a few of the letters of sympathy that I had received from those members of my class that I had not met with on my journey through life after leaving high school. Among those extending their sympathies were **Mary Johnson** and **Hazel Kessner**, college professors; **Lois Blalock** and **Annie Eckert**, shirt factory workers; **Adelaide Emory** and **Irene Priddy**, members of Ziegfeld Follies. Among them was a humble letter from **Verna Haughton**, **Helen Clark** and **Frances Powell**, three respectable house-wives. **Catherine Henkel**, a dressmaker, and **Eleanor Crossley**, the owner of a stock farm, which specialized in raising "Hoggies," were among the sympathizers.

At sunrise the next morning the wardess, **Elizabeth Bloxom**, awakened me and in my cell stood three women dressed in white, who presented themselves as **Fritz Slaughter**, **Mabel Parker** and **Mary Alice West**, nuns, who had come from a distant convent to bid me farewell. Five minutes before the execution a man with a long coat and a small book approached the door of my cell and after a brief ceremony I was taken out of my cell and led down that ghostly corridor into the silent hall of death. A rope was placed around my neck and a hood over my face, then I felt the trap door over me give away and a death grip on my neck. All blurred before me—but in an instant I opened my eyes only to find that the violent grip around my neck was not that of a hangman's rope, but only the grip of the opium den proprietor.

—ROBERT WILLIS EDWARDS, Class Prophet, '23.





CLASS OF FEBRUARY, 1924

CLASS OFFICERS

RICHARD NEWMAN President
STANLEY PILAND Vice-President
DOROTHY PULLEN Secretary and Treasurer

CLASS ROLL

SAM ARONOW
ROSE BANDAS
JEROME BRITTINGHAM
MARIE BROWN
MARGARET BRYANT
JAMES BRIDGES
ARLINA CHURCH
ESTELLE CONN
DORIS CRUMP
MARY CRIZER
WILBUR DAMUTH
HINTON DAUGHTERY
KATHERINE ERNEST
ALICE FORBES
AMANDA GRAY
HERMAN GOLDBERG
ELMER JENSEN
EDWARD MALLICOTTE
RICHARD NEWMAN
WILLIAM NICHOLLS
STANLEY PILAND
DOROTHY PULLEN
JOHN PULLEY
MARY ROYALL
ROSE E. SMITH
EARL TALLEY
ELWOOD HOMES
FRANCES VOLK
JOHN WARE
ALLAN WATTS
KATE WEGER
SOL WERBLOW
MARIAN WEST
LUCY WHITE



PAPEN
HASTINGS



Class History

The class that will graduate in February, '24, started its high school career under the careful guidance of Mrs. Sommerall and Miss Robinson (now Mrs. James). We came from the 7-B grade and we occupied nearly three rooms on the third floor of this building with Mrs. Edwards, Miss Moore, and the two Miss Powells as our teachers.

As we were in this building in the seventh grade, we were not quite as green as the majority of freshmen. Even though we were accustomed to the assemblies, societies, periods and all the organizations of the school, Latin, science and algebra were entirely new to us, but even these can be conquered, and we finally did. We went through our freshman year in the usual way, some taking science instead of Latin, others preferring it to history. Finally, after a few brief trials and tragedies, we completed our freshman year, with just a few failures, and one or two stopping school.

Those of us who were left went to our sophomore year with Mr. Oakes and Mr. Keonig as our home room teachers in rooms nineteen and twenty. Our sophomore year was rather uneventful, as most sophomore years are, but we enjoyed it, nevertheless. We had several picnics to Buckroe Beach, that I'm sure none of us will ever forget.

We started our junior year with Mr. Bennett as our teacher. When we became 3-B's, Mr. Keith became our teacher, and we have him still. That year we enjoyed many picnics and had an all round good time, with a plenty of hard work besides as a number of us started chemistry that year, and also a number were taking four years of Latin and a few of us started Spanish.

In February, '23, we started our senior year. Our class roll now only numbers about thirty, as a large number of our old class decided to go to summer school and graduate in three and one-half years. Although our class is small we take an active part in the school activities. Our class is well organized and has been all the three and a half years of our high school life, a large number of our class participate in all athletics and other activities of our school.

—AMANDA GRAY, February, '24.



JUNIORS



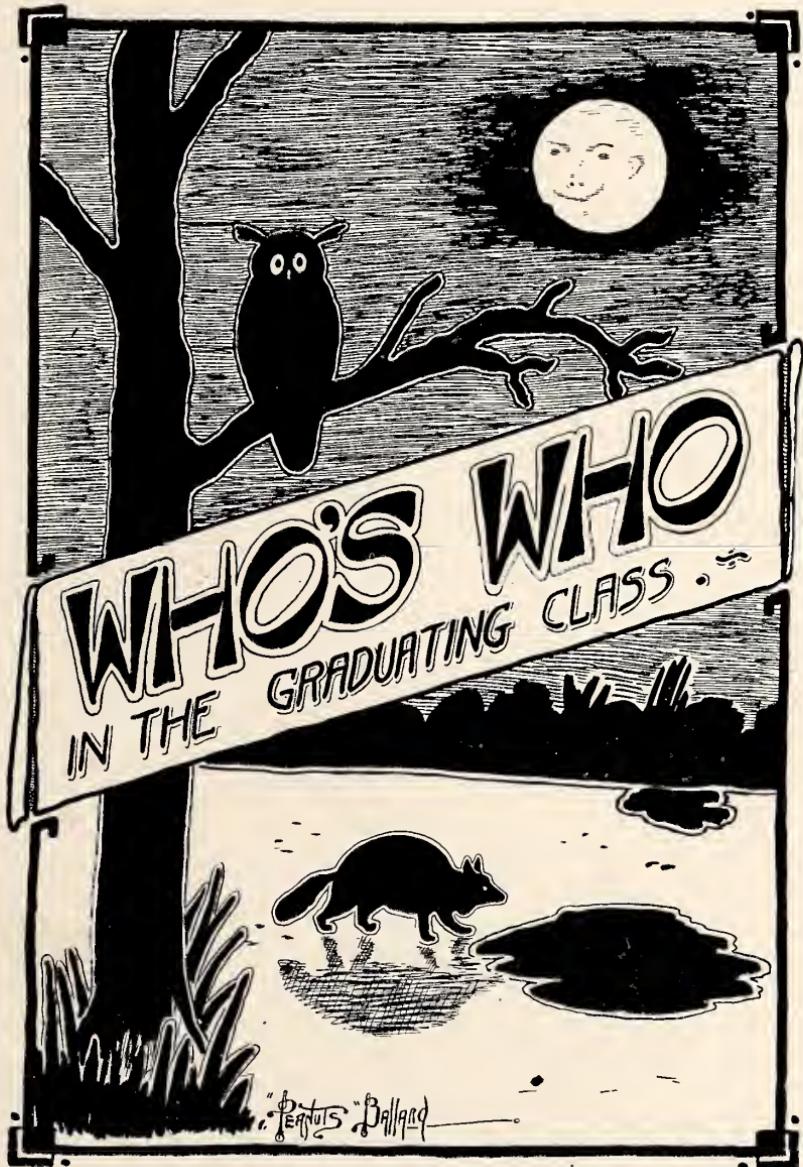
Princeton Studio

SOPHOMORES

*Falkington
Studio*



FRESHMEN



JUNE

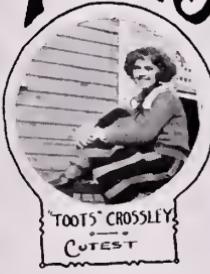


JEWEL HALL
Most Dignified



PHILIP BURCHER
Most Dependable

1923



"TOOTS" CROSSLEY
CUTEST



"EDDIE" WHEELER
Handsomest



GLADYS FORD
Best Sport



"PEANUTS" BALLARD
Best Sport



NAN KURTZ
Wittiest



LEE TODD
Most Athletic



HARRIET CUTLER
Most Dependable

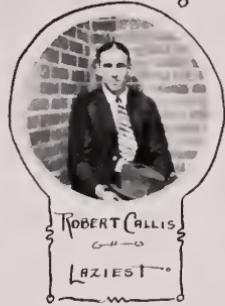
JUNE



SHIRLEY CONNELL
Most Original



DUCK "DICKINSON"
Best All Around



ROBERT CALLIS
LAZIEST



MARY BRYANT & DOUG "PETTY"
Best Dancers
WILLIS A. SHELL JR.
Biggest Nuisance



"BABE" BIGGINS
Most Original



HARRY CRUM
Most Studious

183



IRENE FRIDDY
Prettiest



ALMA BRANCH
Most Popular



ROBERT EDWARDS
WITTIEST



HANNAH COHEN
Most STYLISH

JUNE



GLADYS GILLET
Biggest Flirt



MARGARET WILKIE
Biggest GIGGLER



"BILL" GARES
Most POPULAR

1923



CATHERINE HENKEL
MEEKEST

TERNUSS PRINTING



VERA ROSENBERGER
Most Athletic



ANNETTE SIBLEY
Chatter Box

JUNE

1923



"EDDIE" NICHOLSON
Biggest Baby



PAULINE COLLINS
Most Attractive



ICINNATI BALLARD



ELIZABETH TURNER
Best - All - Around



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P. ERNOUT F. RIGRD

- THE BEACON -



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ROBERT BARRETT
WINIFRED LEYLAND

Violin

ROSALIND DARLINGTON
BUXTON LUNING
AUDREY McDANIEL
EDWARD MORRIS
MAY MOSER
ROSA SMITH
HUGH WATSON

Drum

WILLIAM GARES (Mgr.)
RUSSELL KATES

Saxaphone

STANLEY PILAND
WILLIS SHELL

Cornet

GILBERT FOWLER
EDGAR SAUNDERS

Clarinet

WILTON BOWERS
GIDEON TODD

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WILLIAM ROGERS
MARY ROYALL
BILLY READ
FRANCIS SMITH
ELIZABETH SAUNDERS
ELIZABETH SHERMAN
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MARGARET COMMER

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DOROTHY SCULL

LESLIE COSTON

TERREL JOHNSON

FRITZ SLAUGHTER

GEORGE DAVIS

GEORGE KESSLER

ELIZABETH SMITH

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THELMA WOODCOCK

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THE NEWPORT NEWS HIGH SCHOOL DRAMATIC CLUB

Since its organization in the spring of 1919, the Dramatic Club has presented five annual plays and nearly a half dozen one or two-act playlets. The club, as it was organized by Mr. Clyde Francis Lytle, now of Keystone State Normal School, was known as the Orpheus Club, being consolidated with the orchestra, but during the past three years there have been no definite officers. Membership is confined to those who have speaking parts in any of the annual productions because of the fact that if anyone who had the least little thing to do in the plays became a part of the club, it would cheapen the value of the organization and membership would mean nothing to the student body.

The Dramatic Club was founded with the purpose of reviving public interest of the people of the Peninsula in the greatest of the English-speaking playwrights—William Shakespeare. The first production marked the end of nearly a decade of utter neglect of the masterpieces of the world's best writer of the English drama and the outstanding author of poetry in history by the people of the Lower Peninsula. The play given is probably with but one exception, the most popular one of Shakespeare "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

The play met with the greatest success and the future of the Dramatic Club was assured. Although "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is designed to be given out of doors with a woodland back-ground, the stage managers of the production made a very clever set of scenery for the stage in the school auditorium and the effect that was put over the audience which packed the house, was the best that could have been asked.

Inspired with the remarkable success of the previous year, the club, in 1920, decided to go even deeper into the world of dramatics when, under the direction of Mr. Lytle, it was agreed to attempt the staging of that famous comedy of Oliver Goldsmith, "She Stoops to Conquer." Special scenery was constructed and costumes were rented from a firm in Philadelphia. After many weeks of hard work and continual practice, Mr. Lytle announced that everything was in readiness the second annual production of the Newport News High School Dramatic Club and the first curtain rolled up on the night of April 30.

And what a reception it received! The auditorium of the school was again packed to its capacity by one of the most enthusiastic crowds that had ever witnessed such a thing on the Peninsula. "Eddie" Travis, who was for four years the leading man of the Dramatic Club, was the star of the occasion and his exceedingly funny interpretation of the skylarking Tony Lumpkin brought down the house, although the other members of the cast were of the best. "She Stoops to Conquer" was considered so excellent that the entire cast was sent to the University of Virginia at the time of the annual athletic and literary contests. On the night of May 14, the club presented its interpretation of the play before an audience of high school and college students from



all over the state and it was declared by them to be the finest thing in its line that had ever been put on at that institution, and with this success to spur it on, the baseball team took the state championship from the nine of Roanoke High.

To wind up the remarkable season the Dramatic Club was invited to give the play at the high school in Cape Charles. The reception that it received there was not in the least different from that of the two other occasions, and "She Stoops to Conquer," was given a lasting place among the achievements of the high school.

For the annual play of 1921, Mr. Lytle decided to risk the reputation of the club on the greatest thing that it has ever undertaken in the longer productions and it was announced that "The Merchant of Venice" would be staged in May. No time was wasted on getting things started and Mr. Lytle immediately called for candidates for the cast, thirty-three people being needed. The response was the best that could have been desired and the picked cast started its work late in March, over two months before the play was staged.

Everything that could be done to make "The Merchant of Venice" a success was carried out to the smallest detail by the entire student body and when it is stated that the directors spent in the neighborhood of \$500 in putting the show in readiness, the magnitude of the undertaking can be fully realized. Special costumes were rented in Philadelphia and not a single detail was overlooked by the managers. The high school auditorium was considered altogether too small for such a magnificent play so the Olympic theatre was procured for the occasion at additional cost. After two months of the hardest kind of work by the entire cast it was at last announced that all was in readiness for the final night and the date for the presentation was set at May 27, just a little over one week before the end of the second year and graduation. The house was packed, not even standing room could be had for any price and the future of the Dramatic Club rested on the manner in which they put the play over to the audience. And they exceeded all expectations! The entire play went off without the slightest sign of nervousness on the part of any of the cast and under the inspiration of Mr. Lytle, who interpreted Shylock—the best that the Peninsula has ever seen and probably ever will see—the young Thespians scored the greatest success that the club has ever met in its five years of organization. The cast was the best that could have been gotten together. Every one of them played his or her part for all that it was worth and it would be rank injustice to say that one was any better than another. It is sufficient to state that when the final curtain went down, that the large crowd had nothing but the greatest praise for Mr. Lytle and his Club. Dramatics had become one of the chief parts of the school activities which binds the school to the community.

Moliere's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" was chosen as the production for last year and although it was nothing like "The Merchant of Venice" in its magnitude and beauty, it was one of the best that could have been picked. "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" is probably the most delightful comedy in the French language and is considered by many to be the best of Moliere's numerous successes in the dramatic art. This year the play was given in the



largest house that was obtainable in Newport News, the Academy of Music. "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" was presented twice, once in this city and once at the Williamsburg High School, and both times it met with a wonderful reception. Every member of the cast was given the heartiest compliments of the crowd at both performances, and the 1921 play passed into the history of the club as one of the best that has ever been attempted during the five years it has existed.

When, in the summer of 1922, Mr. Lytle left the high school faculty to accept a position at the Keystone State Normal School, Kutztown, Pa., the future of the club was despaired of by many of the students and the citizens of the community. Then, when it had almost been decided that there would be no annual play, it was announced that Mr. Lytle had offered to come to this city during his vacation and stage a play, only asking that the club stand good for his expenses. Needless to say, Principal Fred M. Alexander accepted at once and Mr. Lytle arrived the latter part of March and begun work at the earliest possible moment.

Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen" was the play chosen, this being the first time that it was presented by amateurs in the State of Virginia. Try-outs for parts were held and the competition was so keen that it was almost a real examination. The entire membership of the club had graduated in June, 1922, with the exception of a scant half dozen and the work of building up a new organization around them was no small task. The Academy of Music was again selected as the place for the performance and the entire school went to work to make "Seventeen" the best that had ever been presented. Special scenery was constructed and under the capable direction of their old instructor, the club achieved the almost impossible, for the play was staged just one week after the first practice was held!

If there were any who ever doubted the ability of Newport News high school students to put a thing across, the last shadow passed away on the night of April 5 when the final curtain fell on the production that will remain for a long time as one of the greatest examples of the ability of our Dramatic Club to tackle a job and finish it in a worthy manner. Of course there were rough spots in the drama but the enthusiastic audience was willing to overlook these in their pleasure and genuine wonder at the feat which had been accomplished in producing the play in so short a time. Much credit is due to Mr. Lytle and all of the teachers and students who so willingly gave their time and efforts to the success of "Seventeen."

There is no time to tell of the merits of each one of those who participated in the play and it should suffice to say that every one in the cast put forth his best efforts to put the production across for his school and club and they all deserved every bit of the generous compliments which were heaped upon them by their friends and admirers.

During the existence of the Orpheus Club it has had a total membership of something over 70 and has presented five annual plays together with three short one- or two-act playlets. Taken altogether, it has had a remarkable career and it has a great future before it because it has established a reputation in the community that will be hard to tear down in the years to come and one that may easily be built up to even greater successes than have been achieved in the past.



FOR HOME AND COUNTRY

By Allen Wesley Moger
June '23

"What do you think about the war? Do you think America will enter it any time soon?" Tom asked of his friend Jim.

"Well," answered Jim, "it's hard to say, but I really think that America will be in the war in less than two months. Tom, the United States isn't accustomed to being dictated to as to where she may sail her ships and with whom she shall engage in commerce. Of course, she has recognized the international laws and never officially breaks one, but when one little country thinks that she can dictate to the United States of America and tell her where she may sail her ships, something is sure to happen."

"But, Jim, America hasn't any business aiding England and France in this war against Germany when she has not entered it herself," responded Tom.

Jim's love of country was glowing within him and he came back strong at Tom, "America has never broken any international laws but Germany has and is still breaking them. She has no right to prevent neutral ships from engaging in commerce with another country. Another thing, Tom, America is the land of freedom and she guarantees to every one of her citizens freedom and protection whether they be in Asia, Europe, or America. Germany has sunk ships and has paid no attention to the helpless men, women and children drowned. Think of the tragedy of the "Lusitania" when hundreds of lives were lost. Can you think of anything more cruel, uncivilized or barbarous? Many of these people were American citizens. We are a civilized people and we are compelled by a moral law if nothing else to be opposed to any such uncivilized warfare."

"I suppose you are right. I never thought of it in that light before," drawled out Tom.

"You are bound to admit it, Tom," responded Jim. "for America has tried in every way possible to bring about a peaceful solution of this trouble, and Germany would not listen. The last solution is war; war as terrible as it is—but it is better than peace purchased at the price of chains and slavery."

"I shake your hand on that, old boy. I want to talk to you about this thing some other time but I have to go now," said Tom eagerly, shaking Jim's hand.

"I thought that you would come around when you learned to look at it in the right light," responded Jim, and the two friends parted.

This conversation took place in a small town of about three thousand people out in the valley of Virginia. James Rogers and Thomas Brown were very close friends, having been to high school together, but Jim was always the most wide awake of the two. Both of these boys were now working, but



as our narrative deals mostly with Jim, we shall leave Tom here and tell something of the romantic events of Jim's life during the next few years.

Jim was a self-made man and was working in a bank in which he had steadily advanced until he was now assistant cashier. He was always wide awake and had much interest in all national, state, and local affairs. He was known by almost everybody in the city through their association with him in all affairs for the advancement and growth of the town. When anything was started which meant for the uplift and betterment of the community, Jim was always associated with it.

Jim also had his love affairs for he had become deeply in love with Miss Edith White, the belle of the community and a very pretty and attractive girl. About four months later Mr. James Rogers and Miss Edith White were married and James was one of the happiest men in town.

Time rolled on and in less than two months just as Jim had prophesied to Tom, the United States had declared war against Germany. The ultimatum, as bad as it was had been reached, and the eyes of every American were turned to France and the western battle front. Patriotic speeches were made in every town and every one was united in one cause, and that was to win the war and make the world safe for Democracy.

No little town was more patriotic and active for its size than this little town in the valley of Virginia. Jim took an active part in all these patriotic activities, but one thing greatly worried him, and that was the thought of leaving his much beloved and happy home and going to fight in Flanders Fields. He was strong, healthy and in the prime of life, being now about twenty-five. He was facing the same question that so many young Americans had to face, and he faced it like a man although it greatly worried him. He asked the question over and over to himself, "Shall I stay at home with my wife and friends or shall I go to fight for freedom and liberty?" Jim knew that he would not be long answering it if he was not married, but now he had someone to look after, someone to love. Something told him to stay at home, but something still stronger, deep down in his breast, told him to go where he was needed most.

Jim talked the matter over with his friends, but no one seemed to give him the desired advice and answer. All seemed to hesitate as to what to tell him for fear that they would tell him wrong.

One night just after supper when only he and Edith were there, he said something to her about it, who undoubtedly had also been in great thought about the same thing that had worried him so much. Now Edith was a girl of strong character, and she also had a very broad mind. She had to face this question as best as she could but she had spent many unhappy and sad moments in thinking of it. When he spoke to her concerning it her heart was nearly running over and she could hardly answer him, but she managed to make him a reply: "Jim, dear, I can't tell you what to do. I have thought and worried over it until I am nearly sick. I know that I will be alright at home for I can go to my mother's or to your mother's, but Jim—I can't bear to think of being without you."

She choked, and Jim, as if to help her out, said, "I feel just like you do,



dear. I know that you will be all right at home but I hate to leave so much."

At this Edith, having gained control of herself, replied, "Dearest, I know just how both of us feel, but have either of us considered the cause for which you have to fight? Have we realized that Democracy has been challenged and is endangered by the despot? Do you know that the Kaiser is fighting by a here-to-fore unheard of theory that 'Might Makes Right?' Are we awake to what is going on around us? Will humanitarian America stand for the needless murdering of innocent women and children? This war is not only a fight between the nations but a desperate battle between Democracy and Autocracy. The result of this war will be the answer to this question: 'Will the people of the despot rule the world?' There is no use talking about it. things are in a desperate condition. This nation and even our liver are in danger. Jim, dearest, I hope that you will understand me. When things come to such a condition I think it is the moral and patriotic duty of every young and true American to stand for the defense of the country and Democracy. Dearest, I would rather have you go and fight for home and country and come back victorious with glory and honor than anything I know of. My, but I would be proud of you! But I do hate to see you go—I do hate to see you go."

Jim, as if to comfort her again, responded, "Sweetheart, you have opened my eyes. I can see a brighter picture of the future. I feel as if I had something over my eyes, and that I could neither see or think of anything but my own selfish ends until you spoke in the way you did about Democracy and the Despot. But we will talk about this some other time. Let's talk about something that is more cheerful now."

That night both of them lay awake thinking of the future and what it had in store for them. Jim had planned in his mind what he would do, but he dreaded to come right out and tell Edith. So they both went to sleep with this on their minds and arose thinking of the same thing.

That day both were happier than they had been during the previous days, for the experience of the night before had given them a much clearer vision. They now realized that if Jim went away (of course it would be sad to see him go) he would go to fight, not for the selfish aggrandizement of one man or nation, but for the future liberty of mankind.

Days went by. The time soon came for the young manhood of America to register. A draft act was prepared, but before this act was put into effect, Jim went and enlisted himself in the service of his country. When the day arrived on which he was to go to camp there were two sad hearts if not more in this little town in the valley of the Old Dominion.

Jim did not find life so hard at camp. He hoped that he might be able to remain on this side of the ocean, but he had many sad doubts about it for he was young and healthy and that was the kind of men that was needed. Edith came to see him very often while at camp, and the more she came the more he hated to see her go.

One day, after Jim had been in hard training for about two months, the expected order came for this company to prepare for embarkation. Jim at once sent Edith a telegram and she arrived only a few hours before he was to



leave. It might rightly be said that these moments spent together were the saddest that this young couple had ever yet experienced. The parting words of Edith were both heart-breaking and strengthening. She managed to say, "Dearest, you are going into a sea of uncertainty, not knowing what will be the outcome, but remember that you are fighting for me, your mother, and for the future liberty of all mankind." She stopped here, choking, but went on again. "Remember one more thing dearest, and that is that I love you."

Jim was too full for utterance but with a kind word and a fond farewell, he kissed her good-bye.

The days that followed these events were full of sadness for both Edith and Jim. It was a long time before they heard from one another again. Edith felt very blue during this time and many thoughts went through her mind concerning the condition and whereabouts of her beloved young husband. At last a letter came. There was very little in it on account of the censoring. Some of it had been torn off. Short as it was this letter seemed to put new life into Edith for she had learned that he was all right.

In Jim's company there was a very desirable young comrade who was Jim's friend. This man was William Bridgeman, the son of a well known American doctor. Mr. Bridgeman presented a figure of real American manhood, with brawny arms, thick chest, and with eyes that sparkled with intelligence. The friendship between these two young Americans had begun while they were at camp, and now since they were far away from home the friendship became still stronger.

One day when they were talking about home and the war Jim remarked, "Bill, I wouldn't mind coming over here to fight if I was single and had nothing to hold me at home. As I have told you before, I have one of the dearest and best women characters in America for my wife. We had only been house-keeping about six months. I was happier than I had ever been before. Everything was bright and gay until this war spoiled it all."

"Yes," spoke up Bill, "I'm not married but I have one of the happiest homes that a single man could hope for. I certainly hated to leave it, but all of us have to make a sacrifice in a time like this."

"You are certainly right along that line," responded Jim. "America could stand by no longer and see her citizens murdered and her commerce destroyed. Somehow or other I feel proud to fight in such a worthy cause."

"I do too," said Bill, and about that time something called them apart and the conversation ended.

The time had not gone by very fast with Edith at home. After a few weeks she received a letter from Jim which stated that he was on the firing line but was safe so far. A fright went over her, for she knew not at what time his life on this earth may cease.

One lonely evening when everything was very quiet the doorbell of Edith's home rang. Somehow or other she expected something bad that day and she hesitated to go to the door. She therefore sent her little sister Mary. The message was a telegram to her which read:

"Your husband, Major James Rogers of Co. F, 29th Division, was found to be among the missing today, November 11, 1917."



The telegram slipped from her hand and she dropped to the floor overcome by the climax to the trouble which had been worrying her unceasingly. Her mother, standing near, quickly picked her up and got her on the bed. The doctor was sent for and in a few moments she had regained consciousness, but she had to stay in bed over a week. This almost expected message struck a deep blow to Edith's heart. Her life was darkened for she never expected to see him again.

Time rolled on in its ceaseless course and Edith received no letters. She had improved little by little until now she had begun to go out with her friends. She determined to start life over again.

After a while Edith moved to Richmond. Here she began to go around right much. There was a very attractive young man here who had paid much attention to her of late, and she had also paid some attention to him. The friendship became closer and closer until by and by the couple became engaged. Mrs. Edith Rogers was going to get married again, a thing she thought she would never do.

The marriage soon came off and she settled down to house-keeping again, but in Richmond now instead of the little home town between the mountains. Everything went well for a while but she really wasn't happy. Things didn't go exactly right. Her surroundings and duties seemed to bring back fresh to her mind the thoughts of happy days gone by. Some of her elderly friends in the valley began to say among themselves, "I wonder what Jim would say if he knew all about these things." Some rebuked her for her action, others complimented her.

Nothing was heard from poor Jim during all this time. It was now two years since the telegram had been received and every one thought that he was dead, and good reasons had they for thinking so. He had been reported missing and the report was right, for he was still missing a long while after the war ended. In November of 1919, it was found out by officers of the Army of Occupation that he, with his close army friend, Mr. Bridgeman, had been captured by the Germans on November 11, 1917, and that they had been kept in close concealment. It was also learned that they had been very cruelly treated by the German officers and because they spoke up for America and defended her policies, which they thought was the duty of a real patriotic American even in cases of this kind, they were not allowed to be exchanged. Mr. Bridgeman died under the cruel treatment and the small amount of food that they were receiving. He died a martyr to the cause of freedom and Jim just barely survived. He was in a very critical condition when found by the Americans, for he had been forced to work hard and with very little to eat. Failure crowned his many efforts to smuggle a letter through the lines to his dear wife. This accounts for Edith not receiving any letters.

When he found that he was really free again, Jim's first thought was concerning his dear and loving wife that he had left behind. He wrote to her as soon as he could get materials to do so. His one desire was to get back home, and the American authorities prepared to send him there as soon as possible.

Little did Jim know of what had happened at home since his departure,



for if he did it is very doubtful whether or not he would ever want to hear of home again. He had lived for one thing, and that was to return to the little town near the Blue Ridge Mountains and begin life over again with his wife.

Days passed, but in less than a month James Rogers was again on American soil in New York City. He wanted to make it a big surprise, so he prepared to go to his home town if possible before any of his friends knew that he was in America. He arrived there about three o'clock in the afternoon and first went to see his old and broken mother. She had been praying for his return and her prayers had been answered. Here he was informed of the horrible news concerning his little wife. Terror struck him in the heart like a spear. His now frail body was hardly able to stand the shock. The cause for which he had lived and suffered had become fruitless.

It wasn't long before Edith learned of Jim's unexpected return. At first she thought she was delighted, overjoyed, proud; but the second thought quickly came into her mind of what had happened since she had seen him last. Something that she was unable to remove struck her in the breast like a knife. There was a great lump in her throat. She realized her foolish action and "Oh—!" she groaned, "how I would like to go back to live with the one man in this world that I really love." She would have come back but a strong tie seemed to hold her to the last man that she had married, and then, too, poor Jim would not allow it. He said that it was not her fault and now since she had married another man her life and love belonged to that man. As for him, he could go out on a ranch away from it all and live a cowboy's life. This he resolved to do.

Jim loved Edith all of his life. He was never tempted to love any other woman. Out here on a ranch in Arizona he lived. His hustling life caused him to overcome many of his sorrows but he never fully overcame the one great sorrow and tragedy of his life. He received letters from some of his boy friends at home and these made him more home-sick, but he determined never to go there again. His broken-hearted mother had died before he left, therefore he had nothing to go there for.

One day when he was on a journey over the mountains, his horse missed his step and slipped. Jim struggled to get a grasp on the rock, but in vain. Down, down, down over the precipice he went and the life quickly passed from the body of this real American who had suffered and born so much for his country, his home, and for the sake of future Democracy.





N. J. WEBB

Former Coach and Athletic Director

Newport News High School

It was with the deepest regret that we lost Mr. Webb, at the beginning of the year, and at the same time we are sure that the Newport News High School has, and does, appreciate what its athletic mentor and faculty member has done for it. In him we lost a man of rare parts and we know that if he pursues his practice in law with the same interest and zeal that he has performed his duties while with us, he will have an overwhelming success.

Mr. Webb was succeeded by Mr. Winburne Jenkins, who piloted the basketball team to victory and late accepted a position as food chemist with Libby, McNeal and Libby, in Illinois.



HARRY W. BALDWIN

Physical Director of the Newport News
Public Schools

The Newport News Public Schools and the High School, especially, have been very fortunate in having such a man as Mr. Baldwin to carry on its athletic program in the past two years. He has been coach of the football, basketball and track, and has proved a valuable man.

It is here that we wish to express our appreciation for his work and may he return again next year.



FOOTBALL

VARSITY LINE

N. J. WEBB, Coach

L. BIGGINS, R. E.	T. WOOD, L. T.
J. PULLEY, R. T.	J. HOWELL, L. E.
C. TILGHMAN, R. G.	E. TALLEY, Q. B.
L. TODD (Capt.), C.	L. DICKINSON, L. H.
F. HOOPER, L. G.	H. BROWN, R. H.
	D. PETTY, F. B.

SUB-LINEMEN

M. BYRNE	J. BRITTINGHAM
H. SMITH	P. BEATTY
E. BEAZLEY	J. VAY

SUB-BACKFIELD

C. MOORE	W. MALCOLM
----------	------------

SECOND SQUAD

WILLIAM GARES	WILLIAM BALLARD
NOWLIN WOOD	HUNTER SPENCER
SAM MIRMELSTEIN	MEREDITH FOX
WILLARD DAVIS	HERBERT ROSENBERGER
ROY PRESSON	ROBERT BARRETT
GEORGE KERFOOT	TROY CHAPPELL
JOHN PETTY	GEORGE PATTERSON
WARREN WOOD	BICKFORD CURTIS
GRANVILLE GRESHAM	FRED McFALL
ELLWOOD HUNTER	MARVIN HORTON
MAX DOLAN	CHARLES BERKELEY

LAWRENCE GREY

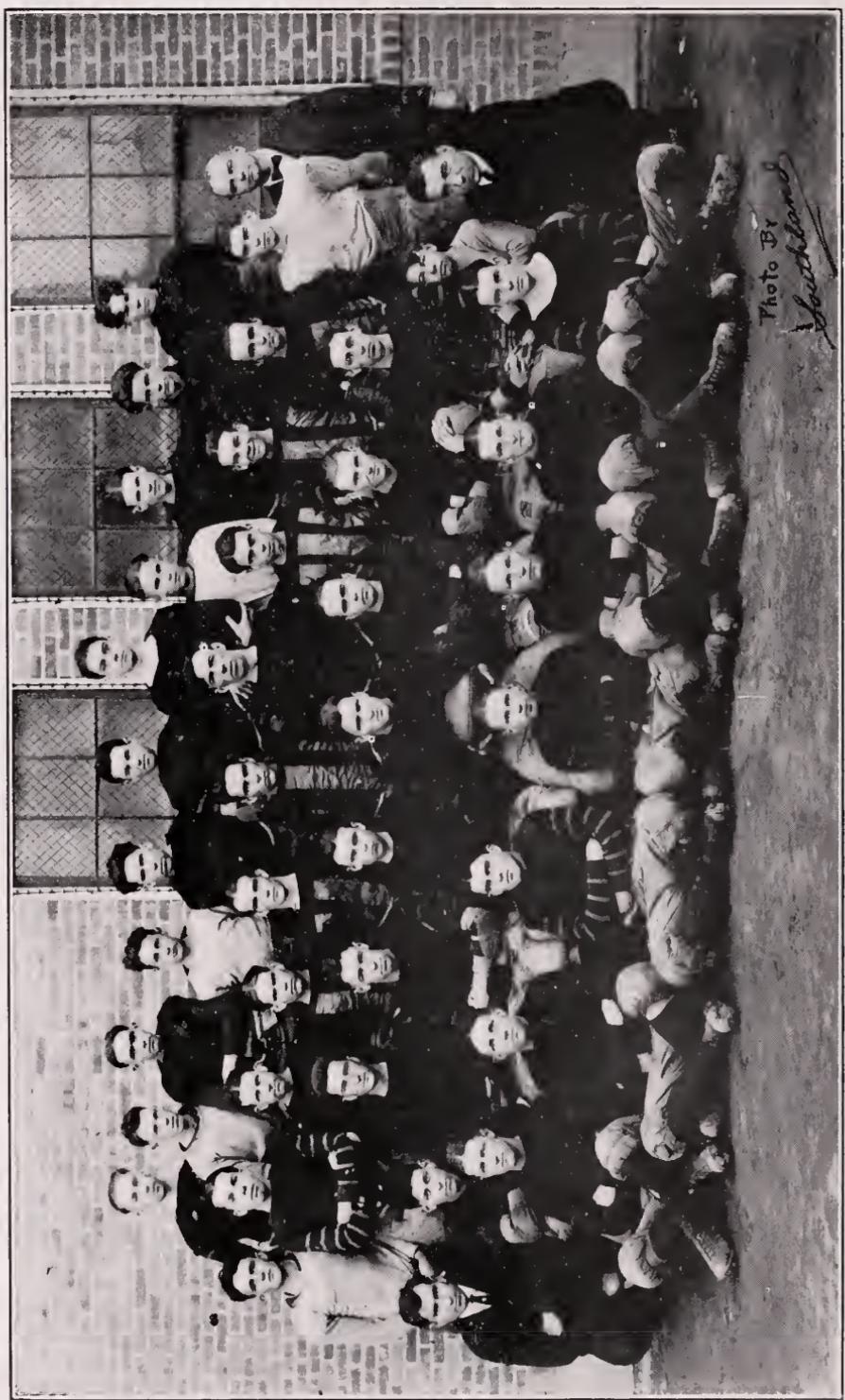


Photo By
Bethelwood



FOOTBALL SEASON 1922

Record of Year

Newport News High School.....	55
Newport News High School.....	18
Newport News High School.....	0
Newport News High School.....	15
Newport News High School.....	12
Newport News High School.....	33
Newport News High School.....	6
Newport News High School.....	19
Newport News High School.....	6
Newport News High School.....	3

Total Points N. N. H. S..... **167**

Cape Charles High School.....	0
South Norfolk High School.....	0
Woodrow Wilson High School.....	1
Blackstone Military Academy.....	6
Maury High School.....	6
Petersburg High School.....	6
Hampton High School.....	0
South Norfolk High School.....	0
John Marshall High School.....	20
Woodrow Wilson High School.....	6

Total Points Opponents **45**

Summary Four Years

	G	W	L	T	N. N. Pts.	Opp. Pts.
1918	6	3	0	3	62	0
1919	8	6	0	2	134	6
1920	11	11	0	0	264	14
1921	10	9	1	0	289	27
1922	10	7	3	0	167	45
Total	—	45	37	4	917	92



BASKETBALL

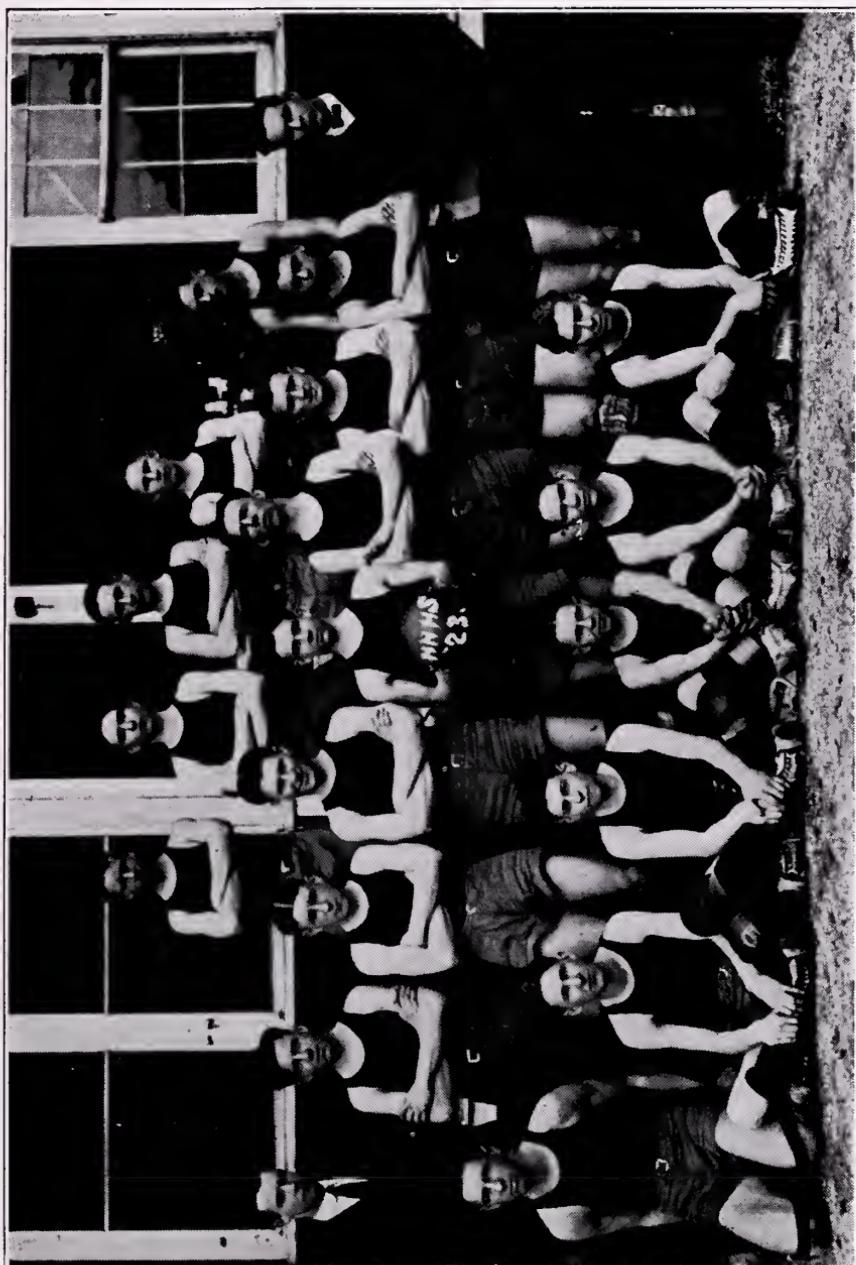
WINBURNE JENKINS, Coach

L. DICKINSON (Capt.)	M. MIRMELSTEIN
M. BYRNES	H. ROSENBERGER
G. MORRIS	W. MALCOLM
D. GIMPLE	R. TIMMONS
T. WOOD	L. HUTCHINS
L. TODD	T. CHAPPELL
D. PETTY	W. GARES
J. PULLEY	F. JORDAN
M. ALEWINE	W. SHELL
E. TALLEY (Mgr.)	

SUMMARY

Newport News High School	34	Cape Charles	20
Newport News High School	50	South Norfolk	17
Newport News High School	8	Maury	18
Newport News High School	14	F. U. M. A.	25
Newport News High School	24	Benedictine	26
Newport News High School	15	Portsmouth	10
Newport News High School	34	61st Artil., Ft. Monroe	18
Newport News Hgih School	15	Benedictine	19
Newport News High School	35	Hampton	21

- THE BEACON -





GIRLS BASKETBALL

Season 1923

THE SQUAD

MISS MILDRED RUCKER, Coach

ELIZABETH TURNER (Captain)	Forward
VIRGINIA ROSENBERGER (Manager).....	Side Center
ELLEN FOX.....	Jumping Center
RUTH CLARK.....	Guard
FRANCES VOLK.....	Guard
AMANDA GRAY.....	Guard
MILDRED BAYLOR.....	Guard
GLADYS GILLET.....	Guard
RUTH FITCHETT.....	Forward
GLADYS FORD.....	Forward
LOUTRELL LLEWELLYN.....	Forward
ANNETTE SIBLEY.....	Forward
HETTIE JENKINS.....	Forward

THE GAMES

Newport News High School	15	Suffolk	15
Newport News High School	25	Oceana	18
Newport News High School	26	South Norfolk	20
Newport News High School	17	Toano	9
Newport News High School	21	Portsmouth	30
Newport News High School	18	Hampton	10
Newport News High School	16	Great Bridge	30
Newport News High School	20	Petersburg	17
Newport News High School	15	Hampton	13

- THE BEACON -





BASEBALL

LOYD STRAWHAND, Coach

VARSITY SQUAD

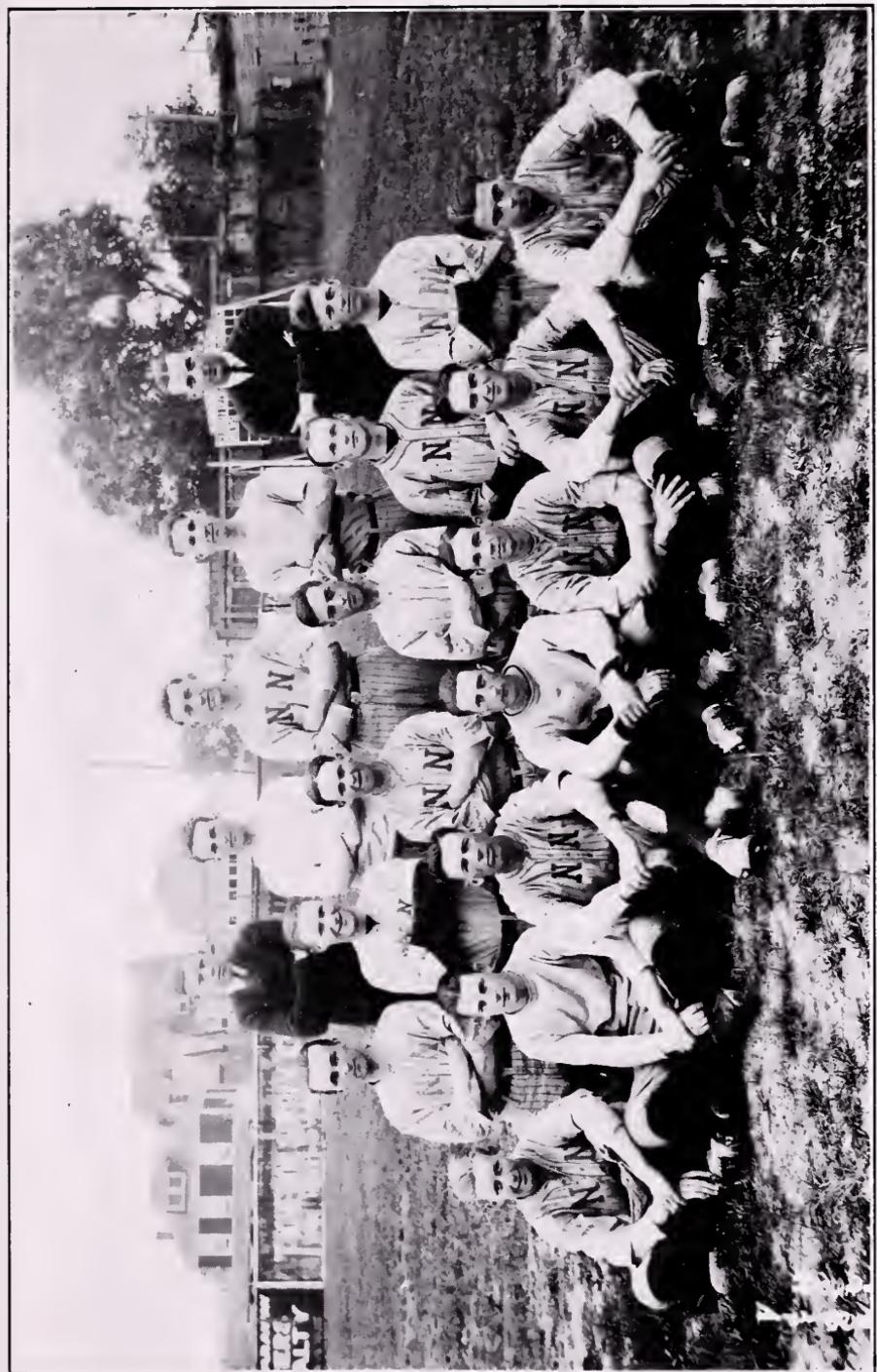
M. BYRNES.....	Left Field
F. HOPKINS.....	Center Field
R. TIMMONS.....	Right Field
E. BEASLEY.....	Third Base
L. HUTCHINS.....	Short-stop
D. PETTY.....	Second Base
T. HUDSON.....	Firts Base
L. C. DICKINSON.....	Catcher
L. BIGGINS (Captain).....	Pitcher
L. TODD.....	Manager

SECOND STRING

C. WEST.....	Pitcher
C. MOORE.....	Short-stop
E. WHEELER.....	Pitcher
R. PAPE.....	First Base
M. ALEWINE.....	Right Field
L. W. DICKINSON.....	Center Field

SUMMARY

Newport News High School	5	Cape Charles	2
Newport News High School	16	Maury	10
Newport News High School	12	F. U. M. A.	0
Newport News High School	6	Portsmouth	8
Newport News High School	10	Hampton	3
Newport News High School	0	F. U. M. A.	15
Newport News High School	8	Blackstone	0





TRACK

HARRY W. BALDWIN, Coach

ARANOW	HARRIS
BASSIL	HOWELL
BYRNES	MIRMELSTEIN
CAMERON	NELMS
CONN	PARRISH
CURTIS	PETTY
GARES	POWELL
H. GOLDBERG	PULLEY
M. GOLDBERG	ROBINSON
GRESHAM	SCULL
HARRINGTON	TALLEY



THE SPIRIT OF NOISE

By C. E. M.

The game was coming! they were to play
Their greatest game the following day.
So song went up, and yell, and cry.
They loved their school; they'd do or die!
Boys whistled, girls encored,
The old ones bragged, the young ones crowded.
They'd beat that team! they'd win that game!
They'd back their boys right!
They'd be one fiend! they'd die to win!
They'd all come out to fight!

The game came off the following day,
And their men were out to fight.
They gazed out where the bleachers lay
A bare and lonely sight.

The game began; their team enraged,
With heart and soul in play engaged.
No cheer went up, no shout was heard
No song was sung, nay, not a word.
The team played hard, and long, and fast.
No backing given; they could not last.
They lost the game! they felt the shame
Tho' they had done their best.
No backers out; no rousing shout!
They could not meet the test.

* * * * *

A game was coming! as of yore
They'd clapped their hands and stamped the floor,
And chanted death—knels to the foe,
They'd tear them down and lay them low.
They'd beat them by a staggering score.
Oh, to the game they all would go,
With cheers to shout and horns to blow,
And hues to fly and pep to show.
But the wise ones shook their heads as tho'
They remembered a game they'd played before.



WHEN SUMMER COMES

By Carl Andrews

When Summer comes a-skippin' 'long with all her frills,
With gentle breezes blowin' soft-like through the hills,
When Robin sings in glory by the rose-clung oaken gate,
Just come right out and tell us, now fellers, ain't it great?

When his troubles all are over and the derned 'ole school lets out,
When over vale and meadow rings the schoolboy's happy shout,
When vacation's song is swellin' throughout this carefree land,
Oh, speak right up and tell us, gee! fellers, ain't it grand?

When orchard trees are bloomin' and their perfumes' in the air,
And the grasses now are growin' where the ground was black and bare,
When the sunshine in the tree tops just seems to laugh and leap,
Now just to be a boy once more, wouldn't you give a heap?

When the woodland brook's a-murmurin' 'mid the rocks of mossy green,
And the whole parade of nature is decked in dancin' sheen,
When the barefoot boy's a-whistlin' as he fishes in the brook,
Sure, do you mind confessin' that you love that shady nook?

When the thrush is scoldin' loudly in the bushes by the spring,
And the blackbirds o'er the clover are a-swoopin' on the wing,
When the squirrel sets up his chatterin' in the coolness of the glen,
Oh, just turn back a day or two, and be a boy again!

Oh the swimmin' hole's a-callin' and the sun is beamin' hot;
Now on the level fellers, wouldn't you give a lot,
Just to be a boy once more, to run and jump and shout,
When summer comes a-skippin' 'long and the little brown school lets out?



—FERNUTS BALLARD—

HUMOR



SENIOR PHOTOPLAYS

- "Slim Shoulders," Nan Kurtz.
"Adam's Rib," Margaret Wilkie.
"Fascination," Eleanor Crossley.
"The Kid," Edward Nicholson.
"The Flirt," Gladys D. Gillet.
"The Shiek," William Ballard.
"On With the Dance," Mary Bland Bryant.
"The Little Minister," Robert Edwards.
"Daughter of the Goods," Adelaide Emory.
"Excuse My Dust," Ruth Williams.
"The Impossible Mrs. Bellew," Hannah Cohen.
"Two Minutes to Go," Leonard Dickinson.
"Clarence," Willis Shell.
"Skin Deep," Irene Priddy.
"Why Change Your Wife," Robert Callis.
"The Affairs of Anatol," Edward Wheeler.
"Salome," Mary Street.
"The Champion," Lee Todd.
"The Dancing Fool," Douglas Petty.
"Cleopatra," Virginia Rosenberger.
"Little Lord Fauntleroy," Paul Friedburg.
"The Eternal Flame," Genevieve Clifford.
"The Vampire," Clara Apetowsky.
"A Fool There Was," Louis Biggins.
"To Have and To Hold," Philip Burcher.
"Neptune's Daughter," Elizabeth Turner.
"Perils of Pauline," Pauline Collins.



A Shakespearean Romance

Who were the lovers? ((Romeo and Juliet.)
What was their courtship like? (Midsummer Night's Dream.)
What was her answer to his proposal? (As You Like It.)
About what time of the month were they married? (Twelfth Night.)
Of whom did he buy the ring? (Merchant of Venice.)
Who were the best man and the maid of honor? (Antony and Cleopatra.)
Who were the ushers? (The Two Gentlemen of Verona.)
Who gave the reception? (Merry Wives of Windsor.)
In what kind of a place did they live? (Hamlet.)
What was her disposition like? (The Tempest.)
What was his chief occupation after marriage? (Taming of the Shrew.)
What caused their first quarrel? (Much Ado About Nothing.)
What did their courtship prove to be? (Love's Labor Lost.)
What did their married life resemble? (A Comedy of Errors.)
What did they give each other? (Measure for Measure.)
What did their friends say? (All's Well That Ends Well.)

THE CAKE-EATER

By Louise Phillips

You'll find him on every corner,
 The flapper thinks he is a shiek.
He buys her candies and sodas;
 The expenses his dad has to meet.

He walks with a swigger-swagger,
 A careless sort of a way.
He thinks he is a man of the world.
 He keeps up with the styles of the day.

His hair is all slicky-slimy,
 Fixed with something like glue:
And though it may be any color,
 It gives it a darkish hue.

So here's to the careless cake-eater,
 Who thinks he is loved by the girls;
Wait till one jilts you, old fellow,
 Then you'll understand the ways of the world.



Jokes

When a Feller Needs a Friend

1. When called to office for running to store during school hours.
2. When disqualified from basketball on account of flunks.
3. When a freshie is hazed by four upper classmen.
4. When called from the room in front of all eyes.
5. When called on for the one topic not studied.

Sales Girl: "May I help you?"

Customer: "My brudder he loss hees wife, I want one of dees death congratulations cards."

Women are wiser than men. If you don't believe it, ask one of them.

"Is the bearded lady your mother?"

"No, she's my daddy."

Nature can't jump from winter to summer without a spring.

From a theme: "She held out her hand; he took it and departed."

First Enfant: "My sister got a pearl from an oyster."

Second Enfant: "'Snothing; my sister got a diamond from some fish."

"I am worried about my complexion, doctor; look at the color of my face."

"My dear young lady, you will have to diet."

All the money she makes

She puts on her back;

It is easily seen

That business is slack.

My Second-Hand Ford

I cranked her up—
The clutch was in—
The ground jumped up
And hit my chin.

The gas tank leaked—
I lit a cigar;
The Ford stayed there,
But I went far.

The front wheel broke,
A fence we knocked;
And I to sleep
Was gently rocked.

I asked my girl
To ride with me;
A tire blew out,
And so did she.

The Irish must outgrow the delusion that Pat and riot are synonymous with patriot.

A school boy wrote an essay on cats. The chapter on different breeds supplies the following information:

"Cats that are made for little boys and girls to tease is called Maltese cats. Some cats are known by their queer purrs—they are called Persian cats. Cats with bad tempers are called Angorrie cats. Cats with deep feeling are called Feline cats."

An Englishman was visiting America and heard a peculiar noise.

"Hi say, old chap," he asked. "What was that?"

"An owl."

"My word! I know that; but what was that 'owling'?"

1891



1923

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FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Newport News, Virginia



Galley 23—Beacon Annual

Bick: "Would you wear a rented bathing suit?"

????: "That depends where the rent is."

"I was terribly sick last night."

"Didn't you see a doctor?"

"Yes, but on the door it said 11 to 2, so I decided the odds were too great."

A neighborhood nurse was bandaging a little boy's finger which he had just badly cut.

"How soon do you think I will be able to play the piano," he asked.

"In a week or so," said the nurse.

"That's funny; I never could before."

Mother (to daughter): "How did you get all that ink on the side of your face?"

Daughter's Fiancee (unconsciously searching vest pocket): "Gosh, is that fountain pen leaking again?"

Algy: "What do you mean by telling Joan that I was a fool?"

Percy: "I am sorry, I didn't know that it was a secret."

Two students on the train were telling about their abilities to see and hear. The one said:

"Do you see that barn over on the horizon?"

"Yes."

"Can you see that fly walking around the roof of the barn?"

"No, but I can hear the shingles crack when he steps on them."

"I don't see where we can put this lecturer tonight."

"Don't worry about that, he will bring his own bunk."

He (dramatically): "And so you refuse to marry me?"

Co-ed: "I do."

He: "Then I will buy a revolver and blow my brains out."

Co-ed: "Don't go to that expense. Get a pinch of snuff and sneeze."

Lamb: "What time is it?"

Stew: "It must be the zero hour cause I didn't hear the clock strike."

"Mama, may I go out to play?"

"What? With those holes in your pants?"

"No, with the kids across the street."

First Swimmer: "I can see no use whatever in the coast guard."

Second: "What makes you think that?"

First: "Well, what dam fool thinks the shore is going to run away?"

What does the bank cashier do?
That would be telling.

If one tightwad likes another, they are naturally known as "close" friends.

"Say, that was a pretty low-down trick."

"What?"

"A deep-sea diver robbed a ship."

"I just love a backward Spring."

"Shall I do one for you?"

A Monthly Health Hint

Never spank a child on an empty stomach; turn him over.

"Young man, you will ruin your stomach drinking that stuff."

"'Sall right, it won't show with my coat on."



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- B. B. WILSON, Assistant Cashier
- H. T. PARKER, Assistant Cashier

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Juniors so flighty,
Freshy and Sophomore."

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